A SANE MAN'S THREE YEARS IN A PRISON MADHOUSE

COVER BY GABRIEL BASTIEN
Dominion Observatory, Ottawa

What the Negro has that the white man h
a report on the inequalities that favor b

MACLEAN'S
OCTOBER 22, 1960 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

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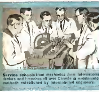

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MACLEAN'S PREVIEW OCTOBER 22, 1960

Now: "artificial respiration" to revive ailing hearts

MANY DEATHS from "cardiac arrest" a term which describes the type of heart failure suffered in cases of electric shock, drowning and coronary thrombosis (among other things) could be prevented if there were a way to keep blood flowing to vital organs until the heart regained its regular pace. Last summer, a team of scientists at Johns Hopkins hospital in Baltimore, Md., developed a technique of emergency heart resuscitation — closed chest heart massage — that can presumably do just that.

If their technique works (and there's a growing feeling among doctors that it does), it could take the place of "open chest heart massage" — developed quite recently and, because it can so far be performed only by a surgeon, not yet widely in use.

The Johns Hopkins method is simple — so simple that laymen can easily be trained to apply it, as some Baltimore firemen and ambulance drivers have. The operator places the heel of one hand on the lower third of a victim's breastbone and puts the other hand over the first. Then he presses firmly and relaxes sixty to eighty times a minute. Because the cartilage attaching the breastbone to the ribs is flexible in an unconscious person, this repeated pressure and relaxation squeezes the heart enough to achieve as much as 40% of normal circulation — enough to keep the vital organs supplied with blood.

The technique's most common application will be in the operating room. Under anesthesia a patient is liable to two types of cardiac arrest: the heart may stop beating completely (standstill), or it may suddenly begin to flutter wildly (ventricular fibrillation). Although no exact statistics are available, it is estimated that one of every thousand operations results in some form of cardiac arrest. In either form, the blood stops flowing.

So far, doctors at Johns Hopkins have used the closed chest massage on fifty-five patients, ranging in age from two months to eighty years, who have suffered cardiac arrest. In most cases they've kept the blood flowing. Three out of four have survived without brain damage. This is well over the survival rate of 29% for the first 1,700 cases reported to the Cardiac Arrest Registry, almost all of which were open chest massage.

Exciting as this news is, it's no miracle reviver of the dead. Like open chest massage, the new method must be applied within three minutes of the heart failure, before organs are damaged by the lack of blood. But of course it can be applied in the case of an accident remote from doctor or hospital, while the open chest massage cannot.

Yet for all its simplicity, the Johns Hopkins method is not being accepted as quickly as might be expected. The main reason is it's *too* simple—and doctors have been slow to realize its potentialities. Maclean's found no evidence that it's being used in Canada now, but heart surgeons and specialists here are deeply interested in reports of its success, and it's quite likely they *will* be using it soon.

Closed chest heart massage was hit upon almost as an accidental byproduct of other research. In 1958, when Johns Hopkins doctors were working on a machine that would apply current to a fibrillating heart from outside the chest, Guy Knickerbocker, an electrical engineer and instructor in surgery, noticed that the simple act of placing heavy electrodes on a dog's chest caused a rise in pressure in the chest. He discussed his findings with Dr. William Kouwenhoven, professor emeritus of electrical engineering and a pioneer in defibrillation research. They began pressing the chests of other research animals. They discovered they could keep the blood flowing.

Knickerbocker and Kouwenhoven were joined by Dr. James Jude, resident in surgery. Gradually they worked out the best position for the hands, the right amount of force, the right rhythm.

While experiments continued, Jude took the method to the hospital staff. In May 1959 it was first used on patients. This year the AMA Journal published a paper on closed chest massage. Now, just as it is in Canada, it's being studied around the world — perhaps the most important step in life saving since artificial respiration.

Toronto's undetermined opposition to Sunday movies

CANADA'S OLDEST civic joke, Sunday in Toronto, is coming back into the news Dec. 5. Torontonians — some of them anyway (it's not yet sure how many) — will vote on whether movies may be shown on Sundays.

Except maybe the voters, almost everybody's for it. There's the city's incumbent "mayor of all the people," Nathan Phillips, who knows a bandwagon when he sees one. "We've had experience with Sunday sports," Mayor Phillips told Maclean's, "and the moral fibre of our community has not been detrimentally affected." But he'll have a hard time making an issue out of it in the mayoral race. Late-entry Allan Lamport, who's running mainly on a pledge to fight Metropolitan Toronto's "supermayor" Fred Gardiner, is even more strongly for Sunday movies than Phillips. "I'm the man who brought in Sunday sports (he did, before resigning as mayor in 1954) and I'm absolutely for this. All those other guys will jump on the bandwagon now they see I'm doing it." Controller Jean Newman, who'll also run for mayor this year, says, "I'm in favor of allowing the people to vote on the matter. No further comment."

Who'll vote? Toronto has applied to let all British subjects over 21 who have fulfilled a two-year resident requirement have a vote on movie questions. (They're already able to vote for candidates.) The majority of this non-property owning group, of course, consists of precisely the people who would like to go to Sunday movies.

So far not even the church is objecting strongly. But the Rev. A. S. McGrath, general secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance in Canada, hints of campaigns to come. "If we have Sunday movies in the afternoon, we will soon have them in the evening," he told Maclean's.

Generally, labor favors Sunday movies — it was a TLC resolution that started the current debate — but the Motion Picture Projectionists are split. Perhaps the strongest anti-Sunday-movie protest came in a letter to an editor from a projectionist's wife pointing out that her husband already worked six days a week and was entitled to "one with the children."

The probable outcome, most city hall reporters feel, is that Sunday movies will go in. City council will decide later on the hours theatres may be open.

Will other cities follow suit? Doubtful. We wired some mayors. Most just shrugged it off as "no issue in our town." A couple couldn't resist the chance to rib Toronto ("Those wonderful people have nothing to do on weekends," said Calgary's Harry Hays).

Mayor H. G. R. Mews of St. John's summed up both schools of civic boostmanship: "Sunday movies in Toronto of no interest to St. John's. Do the streetcars run on Sunday?"

PHILLIPS

'64 Olympics? '60 repeated / Rich man's golf / Better Indian houses

IN SPITE OF ALL THE FUSS over our dismal 1960 Olympic showing (which wasn't much different from the fuss over our dismal '32, '36, '48, '52 or '56 showings) Canada is doing just about nothing to improve our chances at the '64 games set for Tokyo. Meanwhile, our only medalists, the UBC rowers, have a new coach. Frank Read, Vancouver hotel owner, will take up a new part-time career as honorary UBC lecturer in physical education and recreation. His coaching job goes to Laurie West, a 25-year-old arts student who stroked Read's silver-medalist eight at Melbourne in 1952. West, fortunately for our '64 chances, is a Read man all the way.

EARTHY HOUSE DESIGNS, with long stretches of wall space, planting boxes to divide rooms and a whole trend to make indoors seem like outdoors, are turning indoor gardening into a rising hobby — and creating a new market for nurserymen. The biggest boom is in tropical and subtropical species from Florida and California — particularly miniature orange, lemon and grapefruit trees, carnivorous plants (slightly "sick" hosts are buying Venus's fly traps as grisly conversation pieces) and the Dieffenbachia, a broad-leafed plant named not for who you think, but for the botanist J. F. Dieffenbach. It has poison berries.

NOW THAT THE POOR MAN is moving in on the golf course in ever-increasing numbers, the rich man will be getting more exclusive clubs of his own. One syndicate headed by Robert Trent Jones (not the former great player; he's Robert Tyre Jones; Trent is a golf-course architect) is hopefully scouting sites near the larger Canadian cities for what it calls a chain of "executive country clubs." Membership, for top management men, will be transferable from one club to another. Clubhouses will be designed to handle high-level conventions and conferences, and will have such fringe benefits as swimming pools and gourmet catering.

THE OUTDOOR SLUMMY LOOK of many Indian reserves will fade if a government-sponsored housing scheme catches on as firmly as first signs indicate it will. The first step has been distribution of plans for a trim two-bedroom bungalow that can be built for as little as $3,000 — the first model was put up by teenagers on Manitoba's Peguis Reserve. Next will be a loan fund for Indians who can't, because they don't own reserve land individually, obtain money from mortgage companies.

ANTI-INSECT VIRUSES could be the ultimate weapon in man's war against the 3,000 pests that ravage Canadian forests and devour millions of dollars worth of our most valuable raw resources every year. This summer, Dr. Vladimir Smirnoff, a young French scientist of Russian extraction, perfected a virus strain for the department of agriculture. It kills — within three days — the larva of the jackpine sawfly. Smirnoff is convinced a virus can be developed to kill *any* forest insect.

BACKSTAGE

AT OTTAWA with Peter C. Newman

The man behind the party's new Mike Pearson—he's still a diplomat in politics

One of the most frequently heard remarks in Ottawa these days is how his two-and-a-half years as leader of the Opposition have radically recast the personality of Lester Bowles Pearson. "Not the same old Mike," is the usual assessment. "He's a political animal now. He may even smoke cigars soon and slap some Liberal crony on the back."

Outwardly, Pearson certainly has changed from the boyish "Mike" with the bow ties who made this country a world influence during the postwar years. He can hardly be described as boyish any longer; once last month he became a grandfather for the seventh time. He has abandoned his bow-tie trademark for more dignified cravats. There is only one reminder in his parliamentary office of the dominant role he so recently played in world affairs: a glass frame preserving the tattered Canadian ensign that flew from the RCAF plane that took Pearson to Ceylon in 1950, where he helped establish the Colombo Plan.

Pearson is deliberately remaking his public image. He spent most of a week recently at the Toronto offices of the MacLaren Advertising Company viewing films of his past television talks with professionals advising him on how to improve his performance. It has been decided, for instance, that as many words as possible containing the letter "s" will be dropped from his future scripts, so that viewers won't be bothered by Pearson's lisp.

But while his image is being changed, the man himself remains remarkably the same. Pearson still smiles when he's angry; he loves to twist phrases into doubtful puns; and his so-called blossoming into a politician doesn't prevent him from admiring good ideas whatever their source. He is as relaxed as Diefenbaker is intense; his office is as untidy as Diefenbaker's is neat.

After he took over the leadership of the Liberal party in January 1958, Pearson's friends felt that his thirty years of diplomatic insulation from domestic politics would leave him floundering hopelessly before a parliamentary veteran like Diefenbaker. They were right. The crackle of intellectual electricity that brought him the Nobel Peace Prize seemed only to hamper Pearson in the cut and thrust over domestic issues in the House of Commons. It's not easy to be urbane when you're making a twenty-minute attack on government price support for hogs.

This initial ineffectiveness has now been replaced by a remarkable resilience in Pearson's handling of the opposition chores. He is finally at ease in the House and that means he's one of the best men in it. But it doesn't mean that the man has transformed himself into a politician. He has merely succeeded in applying the intellectual depth that helped him master international affairs to the country's domestic problems.

This absence of any real metamorphosis prevents Pearson from translating his understanding of Canadian issues into politically effective jabs at the Tories. He often tries to rationalize an opponent's argument, mentally weakening his own replies in the process. He was too long a diplomat suddenly to lose a diplomat's distaste for aggression. His thinking is too constructive to make him a full success in the opposition, where, as most of his predecessors have demonstrated, a certain fondness for irresponsibility is often useful.

Pearson would like to regard politics as a calling equal to diplomacy, but his real feeling shows up in the story he loves to tell about a recent Gallup Poll in the U.S. The survey showed that nearly a hundred percent of all mothers questioned wanted their sons to be the country's president, but seventy-three percent didn't want their offspring to become politicians in the process.

Few if any of the Liberal party strategists are at all unhappy about Pearson's reluctance to make himself into The Compleat Politician. "We're far better off presenting the voters with a calm, rational alternative to Diefenbaker's emotionalism," says one of them. "Besides, Pearson fits perfectly into our party's Great Man leadership tradition."

Pearson has already hinted that in the next federal election campaign he'll leave attacks on Diefenbaker to others. He plans to hit the Tories' administrative record. His campaign will be based on reminding the voters of the things that have gone wrong in their lives during Conservative rule because of government maladministration or inaction. "The administrative inefficiency of the present government," he says, "is in startling contrast to the business efficiency of the previous administration — which is admitted even by those who opposed it politically."

The Liberal leader has not yet decided how far left he should take his party in the next campaign. "We shouldn't be afraid to use government intervention when it's necessary to protect and advance the welfare of the individual," he says, "but we oppose state intervention that doesn't have that result."

The old idea that the Liberal party is the political force most capable of guiding Canada out of economic recession will be revived, but there will be no contest to outdo Diefenbaker in his expected attacks on American investment. "We stand for the maintenance of a strong Canadian identity," Pearson says, "but not through panic action and emotional appeals."

In charge of the Liberals' next election campaign will be Jim Scott, a 43-year-old former professor of English from the University of Western Ontario who has been interested in politics since he was thirteen, when he memorized the Liberal Speakers' Handbook, so that he could talk to his local MP more intelligently. For the past ten months Scott has been traveling across the country reviving dormant Liberal constituency organizations. "I'm trying to get the party machinery into that kind of shape which will allow me, in the time it takes to make one phone call, to know exactly what's going on inside any riding in the country," he says.

Organizers from every constituency will meet in Ottawa during the national rally of the Liberal party from January 9 to 11, which is intended to complement the intellectual stimulus of September's Kingston conference with practical policies. "By next spring," says Scott, "I hope to be able to get our electoral machinery rolling across the country on twenty-four hours' notice."

Scott and his fellow strategists don't all agree on the exact path of the Liberals' climb back to power in the next federal election, but this is the Liberal consensus in Ottawa on how such an upset might develop:

In the Maritimes, the Liberals hope to increase their current total of eight seats to eighteen, by winning W. J. Browne's seat in St. John's and nine more ridings in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The Liberals must get at least forty more seats in Quebec to win a federal election, but this they claim they'll be able to do quite easily. Federally ambitious Jean Lesage, the man who smashed the Union Nationale electoral machine, will be anxious to show his Ottawa colleagues how well he can deliver the Quebec vote.

The Liberals expect to gain four seats from the Conservatives in B.C., none in Alberta, and at least five each in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. But it's the results in Ontario, where the Liberals now have only fifteen seats, that will decide who forms the next government. This battle will be fought largely in the Golden Horseshoe between Niagara Falls and Oshawa. To help their drive in this vital territory, the Liberals have hired 35-year-old Bruce Powe, an Edmonton-born economist, as the new executive director of the Ontario Liberal Association.

The guessing in Ottawa is that this month's four by-elections won't prove much about Liberal prospects. The traditionally Tory ridings of Royal in New Brunswick and Peterborough in Ontario are expected to stay Conservative, while Niagara Falls and Labelle in the Laurentians go Liberal. The real testing of Pearson's leadership is yet to come. ★

BACKGROUND

JOURNEY TO EDUCATION:

A look at the kind of man leading Africa's emergence

Fourteen young Africans from Kenya and Tanganyika enrolled at a dozen Canadian universities late last month; they were a splinter group of the 290 students flown to this continent by the "Kennedy Airlift." In New York they were met by George Mweigi (Moi-shay-gee), a 28-year-old Kenyan postgraduate student at the University of Toronto. Some of them were depending on an organization called the African Students Fund of Canada, which Mweigi had started. He was to guide all fourteen into Canada. A Maclean's reporter, David Lewis Stein, who is a 1960 graduate of one of the universities the Africans are attending, picked up the Canadian contingent at the New Yorker hotel. Here is his report.

Mweigi led me into the room where the students who were destined for Canada were sitting listening to the radio and watching television simultaneously. They turned them both off while Mweigi told them who I was and what I wanted. Mweigi seemed to be the unacknowledged leader, but as he talked I watched their grave, unruffled faces and I felt that if they were to become dissatisfied with his leadership they would walk out and make their own way. Mweigi left — as he endlessly seemed to be while we stayed at the New Yorker — to "make arrangements."

I wanted to know first where they were going and what their plans were.

Gerald Wanjohi, a baby-faced 26-year-old, was on his way to St. Dunstan's College in Charlottetown to study science. "I want to be a doctor," he said. "In my country we have very few African doctors and those we do have are not recognized. I am coming late to study because I had to tend sheep and cattle for my daddy until I was twelve."

Charles K. Gachuhi, 22, planned to study English literature, geography and history at the University of Waterloo in Waterloo, Ont. "Even the piano has black and white keys," he said, "and my country needs artists as well as scientists. I want to impart the knowledge I have to the unfortunate ones."

Marcellinus Nderitu, 30, had been an officer in a co-operative. He plans to study commerce and the Nova Scotia co-operative movements at St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish, N.S.

Joshua Gasodo, 24, who was going to study commerce at Acadia University, said commerce is not so highly developed among the Africans as it is among the Asians and Europeans. "I would give priority to a job helping the country," he said. "After all, I am not here on my own. I collected money from friends to come. My father was killed by the Mau Mau and my brother was killed by the security forces. They said he was implicated in the murder of my father. It later came out that he had absolutely nothing to do with it, but he was already dead."

Bernard K. Kamau gave his age as 24. "But," he said, "in many cases we are not sure when we were born. Our parents were ignorant and did not register us. I say I was born in April, but I am just trying to figure out when it was."

The others introduced themselves: **Alfred Gakunga, James Kanja, Bernard Kimani, Mohammed Kiparisi, James Mugo, Samuel Oburu, Peter Ouma** and **Wilson Wambari**, all in their twenties.

They spoke of the day when they would go back to Africa. I wondered whether they really wanted to be leaders or whether the lack of educated people was forcing leadership on them.

"In a country like Canada," Bernard Kamau said, "you have many educated people to choose from. In our country we have not so many people."

"Our country was delayed in development," Peter Ouma said. "The Europeans did many good things — they raised Africa from the dust — but they did not know where they were going and that delayed us."

"Of course we want to be leaders," Gerald Wanjohi said emphatically. "If we do not lead, who will?"

Mweigi came back and took me to meet Sarah N. Kahahu, the only girl in the party going to Canada. She had a hotel room to herself and the bed was piled high with clothes. Of the Africans I had so far met, she was the only one who appeared shy and reticent. She was going to study arts at Sir George Williams University in Montreal; she intended to be a teacher on her return "because I have always been interested in teaching."

Members of her tribe had contributed to send Sarah abroad for education. Like most of the students she had held a "tea party" to which her kinsmen came and donated money. At Gerald Wanjohi's party, members of his tribe gave him 1,000 shillings.

Most of them had worked and saved. Chief Mohammed Ali Kiparisi, a Moslem from Dar es Salaam in Tanganyika, had worked as a civil servant. When the time came for the Kennedy Airlift he sold everything he owned and went to Nairobi. He is depending on the African Students Fund to help him through three years at Ryerson Institute of Technology in Toronto.

MWEIGI

I did not see George Mweigi, who was in a series of what he called "personal conferences with my boys," until three in the morning, when he came into my room and collapsed in a chair.

I said that with so many people looking to him for leadership he would have the beginnings of a political organization when he got home.

He said he was helping to bring the students over only because he wanted to help his country. He did not know what he would do when he returned home, but it would probably have something to do with education.

I asked him how well he knew Tom Mboya.

"I am not an agent for Tom Mboya," he said. "You must understand that there are very few educated people in East Africa and they all know each other. I have not made any political choices. Who knows? I am a young man. Maybe I will start out for myself." And he went to bed.

At seven the next morning George was still in bed but he had already started work, telling several of his "boys" who were standing around his bed about his plans for the day. He finally got them out of the room and showered and went downstairs.

After breakfast all fourteen assembled in the lobby, and with George in the lead we trooped out of the hotel. No one even turned around to look at the fourteen African students carrying suitcases and small ceremonial fly whisks.

In the airport bus I asked some of them what they thought about New York. "It is actually a very big town," Peter Ouma said. "It is too big and noisy," Marcellinus Nderitu said. "I would like to get out to the country." Mohammed Kiparisi was excited. "It is beyond my capacity for expressing," he said.

This was the only time the Africans sounded like tourists. Through all the baffling routine of 20th century travel I was struck by their self-assurance. On the way to Idlewild, I noticed, they didn't even gawk at the buildings.

Mohammed Kiparisi and Bernard Kamau told me that on a tour of Harlem the evening before they had listened to a street-corner political orator. "When he heard we were coming from East Africa he wanted us to speak," Kiparisi said. "I just climbed on the table and told them about Africa. They knew all the African leaders. They were against Tshombe and Kasavubu and Mobutu and for Lumumba."

At the airport Mweigi led the group outside for a last conference. They were going to Montreal and the Maritimes; this would be the last time he would see some of them until they were ready to return to Africa. "If you come here to fail," he said, "it is just too bad." The idea of academic failure seemed so contemptible to him that he could not express his horror of it.

The group broke up then. Some went to have coffee and some went to have their pictures taken in a machine that produced four finished prints in one minute. Wilson Wambari shyly asked me if I would like a belt from Kenya. I said I would be delighted and he opened his briefcase and gave me a Uhuru belt. It was similar to beaded belts sold in Canada as Indian souvenirs. The word "Uhuru" had been worked into the beading in the back. In Swahili the word means "freedom."

In Toronto, after a long delay in the immigration office, the Africans piled into cars that were waiting to pick them up. We arranged to meet later that night at a reception planned by Dr. Ronald Cohen of the University of Toronto's anthropology department. I found them sitting in the living room drinking beer and talking to Cohen's guests.

"We feel very much at home here," James Kanja told me.

Dr. Cohen told me he had wanted to start something like the African Students Fund last year and had written to highly placed government officials. They had replied that they were personally in favor of it but didn't think the Canadian people were ready. He had let the matter drop until late in the summer when George Mweigi asked him to help raise money for four of the African students scheduled to come to Canada. Dr. Cohen and Jack Grant had called two meetings of their friends and raised more than $1,200.

The African Students Fund has set up a formal organization with 25 members and a ten-man executive. They hope to be able to bring 100 students a year to Canada from "all over Africa — French-speaking as well as British areas."

As I walked home later, I found myself thinking of George Mweigi at five o'clock Saturday morning in the shabby suite in the New Yorker.

He was brutally tired and had become annoyed at what he regarded as my personal questions. And I had become annoyed at what I regarded as his evasive answers. He stood up and went to a small map of British East Africa that someone had pinned to the wall. I rose and followed him. It was a tourist map dotted with embarrassingly cute cartoons of elephants and giraffes.

"This is where I was born," he said, indicating a town about 25 miles from Nairobi, "and this is the Rift Valley, which runs right through my country." Behind us there was the noise of the endless traffic on New York's Eighth Avenue.

"In this area," he said, circling Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda with a pencil, "are twenty-five million people. One and a half times the population of Canada in an area as large as Western Europe. There is only one small degree-granting college, smaller than Acadia. If I had the power I could wipe out illiteracy in this area overnight." ★

COMMENT

EDITORIAL: What the Nixon-Kennedy TV debates have that we need

OF ALL REGULAR CBC programs the one that has, and deserves, the smallest audience is the free-time political broadcast called The Nation's Business. It attracts a mere eight percent of the potential audience or about two hundred and sixty-eight thousand listeners and viewers. It is normally a dull speech, occasionally a stilted dialogue, in either case about as enlightening as a television commercial (though a lot less expertly produced) and like most voters we have never given it much more thought than to exercise our democratic right to turn it off.

Lately, though, we've been having second thoughts about The Nation's Business. Vice-President Nixon and Senator Kennedy have shown, by their debate on American television networks, that political broadcasting doesn't have to be a tedious exercise in pompous platitude and weaselry. By the simple device of bringing the party spokesmen face to face, the American networks have raised the political broadcast to a very high level in public education.

The first great service of the Nixon-Kennedy debate was to show that the margin of disagreement between the two men is quite narrow — much narrower than either man would admit of his own accord to a partisan audience. The voter's choice is not between opposites; it's between rather similar means to almost identical ends, and this is a good thing to know. It is also good to know just what the differences are, in detail — to have them defined by each candidate in the presence of the other, with non-party questioners smoking out both men from the retreats and evasions that are normal in politics.

The result has been a degree of clarity never before achieved, so far as we can recall, in any democratic country — certainly not in Canada. It is a refreshing contrast with the smokescreens of half truth which, with appropriate regional variations, our party spokesmen employ to conceal themselves and each other.

There is in Canada a whole area of policy thus obscured at the present time — the vital area of national defense. The parties accuse each other of having no policy at all, of harboring profound divisions of opinion within their respective ranks, of more or less deliberately misleading the voters and even themselves. It seems to us there is a good deal of truth in these charges against both the major political parties.

We should like to hear the prime minister and the leader of the opposition explain to each other and to the nation, within the clarifying confines of a one-hour television program, exactly where they stand on the use of nuclear weapons by Canadian forces or on Canadian soil. We know they both want "joint control" of any such weapons that Canadian forces or bases might employ, but we don't know exactly what they mean by this phrase, or how they propose to get it, or what they will do if they don't get it.

These questions are the gravest that could face any government of Canada, and every conceivable answer will have highly undesirable results. No course is open which is wholly good. Our own view, for example, is that Canada should refuse to allow its troops to use, or its soil to harbor, nuclear weapons in any circumstances whatever, but we are the first to admit that this policy would have very grave consequences — it would certainly upset and might even wreck the structure of the Western alliance.

Conventional political discussions do not bring out such facts, but rather tend to bury them. Each party presents its program as wholly good and right, and itself as competent to avert any ill effects. To make the issues clear and sharp the politicians must speak in each other's presence and speak briefly. The Nixon-Kennedy debates have shown that this can be done, and the CBC has the means at hand to do it in Canada.

MAILBAG: A new justification for adding artificial extras to food: "more efficient dying"

The articles on the pollution of our food, air and water (Sept. 10) were well worth the price of several years' subscriptions. — L. H. GRIFFIN, VICTORIA, B.C.

✔ The justification for the addition of artificial extras and additives to our foods has long been that they are aids to "more effective living." But seen in this new and sinister light I don't see how anyone can regard them as anything but aids to more efficient dying. — RUTH HARVOR, OTTAWA

✔ ... the most up-to-date article on pollution that I have ever read. (I have bought all available copies

of Maclean's, Sept. 10) with the intention of distributing them among our 600 members and among our local high-school students. — RAY JANSSEN, CONSERVATION CLUB, WALLACEBURG, ONT.

✔ As a teacher I am keeping a copy for use in Junior High health courses. — MRS. M. GRAHAM, DAYSLAND, ALTA.

✔ A million letters of violent protest against food, water and air pollution should flood your office. — HARCOURT ROY, CENTRAL FITNESS COUNCIL, NORTH VANCOUVER, B.C.

Not a million, but many — all in this vein.

"The enemy has bases, so should we"

The Communists must laugh up their sleeves at your editorial of Sept. 10 (Let's not let politics distort the issue of nuclear weapons) and at some proposals of our so-called peace organizations. One such suggestion is that Canada should refuse to accept atomic weapons. Against enemies equipped with same? Another is "no missile bases for Canada." Our enemies have bases directed against us. If possible we should be in a position to retaliate and put their bases out of action. ... Let us officially declare and work for reasonable agreements on disarmament and banning of nuclear weapons. (But) it would be utter folly to let down our guard until such agreements are in force. — W. H. SMITH, OAKVILLE, ONT.

Did Bell invent the action comic strip?

Among the list of Bell inventions in your September 24 issue (The fortune nobody wanted to make) Thomas B. Costain credits Bell with inventing the "action comic strip." I would be interested to know the source of his information as several months ago I established to my satisfaction that Bell did not originate the comic strip. The sole basis for claiming that Bell originated the comic strip seems to be a paragraph in a brochure published by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Answering my query in 1959 Lewis S. Gum of their public-relations department says in part:

"The reference in our 1946 brochure was taken from the biography Alexander Graham Bell by

Catherine Mackenzie. Miss Mackenzie, once Dr. Bell's secretary, described the inventor's flair for dramatic conversation and his many notebooks that were filled with drawings or sketches to describe his work. She followed with this: 'Long before the vogue of the American comic strip, Bell advocated action pictures to tell a story without words, and once engaged a young artist to carry out the idea. He drew examples himself and all his notebooks are illustrated by his funny little outline figures and diagrams.' I don't believe the author had any intention of claiming that Bell originated the comic strip. It merely sounds like a figure of speech to me." — R. S. CRAIGS, WEST HILL, ONT.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 89

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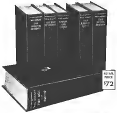

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CONTENTS

VOLUME 73 OCTOBER 22 1960 NUMBER 22

PREVIEW

Preview *"Artificial inspiration" to aid ailing hearts* 1
Backstage *The man behind the new Mike Pearson* 2
Background *A close look at some new African leaders* 3
Comment *What the Kennedy-Nixon debates have that we need* 4

ARTICLES

The prisoner of Bordeaux .... Peter Gzowski 15
What the Negro has that the white man hasn't .... Alan Phillips 18
Jack Pickersgill's third life on Parliament Hill .... Peter C. Newman 21
The anatomy of a television commercial .... John Gray 23
How Britain's National Health Service works .... Leslie F. Hannon 25
You can so drive to Nicaragua .... Lorna Whishaw 26
The brightening outlook for childless couples .... Dorothy Sangster 28
An American invades the NHL .... Dave Anderson 29
The lost lore of childhood .... Robert Thomas Allen 30
A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK
Epitaph on a small fleet: the brave corvettes .... Terence Robertson 32

DEPARTMENTS

For the sake of argument
We Jews are almost as bad as the Gentiles .... Mordecai Richler 10
Overseas Report
The new crisis of conscience in France .... Leslie F. Hannon 12

Sweet and Sour 34 **Maclean's Movies** 36 **Jasper** 40
Canadianecdote 88 **In the editors' confidence** 91 **Parade** 92

THE COVER

At the Dominion Observatory in Ottawa young people can see both the stars and the starlight in each other's eyes. So says Gabriel Bastien, who painted this cover after a conducted tour. The dome is open to student groups on request and to the public every Saturday night.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

CREDITS are listed left to right, top to bottom: 10, Hans Blohm / 12, Keystone / 15, 16, 17, Marcel [illegible] / 18, 19, Herald [illegible] / 20, 21 [illegible] / 26, 28, [illegible] / 29, New York Times / 30, 31 National Defence

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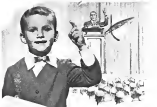

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MORDECAI RICHLER CHARGES

We Jews are almost as bad as the Gentiles

I was brought up in a ghetto. And, as I recall it, we used to apply a peculiar standard to all men and events: "Is it good for the Jews?" By this test we interpreted the politics of Mackenzie King and the Stanley Cup playoffs and earthquakes in Japan. To take one example: If the Canadiens won the Stanley Cup from the old Montreal Maroons it would infuriate the English, and as long as the English and French were going at each other they left us alone; *ergo* it was good for the Jews if the Canadiens won the Stanley Cup.

Going back farther, to the time when my grandfather first settled here in 1900, there was never any question in our minds that there were two Canadas: yours, and mine.

Your heroes, and mine

The first generation of Canadian-born children, myself included, were sent to *their* schools. According to *them*, the priests had made a tremendous contribution to the exploration and development of this country. Some were heroes. But our parents had other memories, different ideas about the priesthood. At school we were taught about the glory of the Crusades and at home we were told of the bloodier side to that story. Though we wished Lord Tweedsmuir, the governor general, a long life each Saturday morning in the synagogue, there were those among us who also knew him as John Buchan, the author of thrillers riddled with anti-semitism.

Always, there was their history and ours. Your heroes and mine.

The ghetto's most significant characteristic was insularity. Outside of business there was a minimal contact with the Gentiles. But this was hardly petulant clannishness or naive fear. In the years leading up to the war neo-Fascist groups were extremely active in Canada. I can recall seeing swastikas and "A bas les Juifs" painted on the Laurentian highway. We suffered many indignities. And so, not surprisingly, we became anti-Gentiles. We looked down on the *Goyim* as our intellectual inferiors.

But you must remember that our anti-Gentile attitude was relatively harmless. As usual, too, the Jews began to see the humor in blaming the Goy for all their troubles. But all the same our isolation was so complete that I did not have any Gentile friends until I went to college. There, as it turned out, some of my best friends were Gentiles. There, too, I first became acquainted with the unattractive and negative results of anti-semitism on middle-class Jews. In reply to fraternities that excluded them, Jewish students did not denounce fraternities but formed relatively exclusive fraternities of their own, excluding other Jews and, I suppose, Negroes. I was coming to realize a difficult truth: Jews were not, as I had hoped, against discrimination. They were opposed to discrimination against Jews.

It was at this point that I left college and went to live in Europe. I lost touch with the Jewish community for a long time.

Back in Montreal, living within the Jewish community once more, this time after an absence of seven years, I found the changes that have come about in so short a period astonishing.

As far as I can see it's still a matter of their Canada and ours, but the young people who initiated their own restrictive fraternities have come of age and, unfortunately, are very much of their age. On all levels, even among older Jews, there has been a disheartening adjustment to the values of an advertising age. When I was a boy we had already begun to discard anything that made us appear different

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

MORDECAI RICHLER IS A MONTREAL NOVELIST WHO RETURNED TO CANADA NOT LONG AGO AFTER SEVEN YEARS ABROAD

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OVERSEAS REPORT

BY LESLIE F. HANNON

Another crisis of conscience in France about Algeria

PARIS — France seems to be approaching another crisis of conscience in her effort to crush the Algerian rebels. In its grinding six-year course this pocket war has produced many crises, moral and military, but this one looks more serious than most.

Early last month the intellectual Left threw down a challenge to the government of General Charles de Gaulle that went beyond the normal limits of outspoken opposition. A petition appeared over the signatures of 121 writers, university professors, publishers and artists of various kinds. It declared the right of Frenchmen to give aid and protection to the Algerian rebels and also to refuse to fight against them. It said the Algerians were being oppressed in the name of the French people. It called the rebellion "a war of national independence" that was "helping to destroy the colonial system." The signers included Jean Paul Sartre, the dramatist and existentialist philosopher; Simone de Beauvoir, long a friend and co-worker of Sartre's and herself a writer of international fame; award winning actress Simone Signoret and many other names that are respected in France if less widely known in North America. By signing this petition they had all committed a deliberate act of defiance of French security regulations that could earn them jail terms of up to five years and fines of up to $40,000.

Sartre and Mlle de Beauvoir were on a cultural tour of Brazil when the petition appeared, but the police duly called upon the other signatories to find out if they had indeed signed such a petition and then to ask questions about the origin of the document. The answers in each case were "yes" to the first question, "no comment" to the rest. In the French manner an investigation was thereupon begun against "X" for provoking insubordination and desertion in the armed forces," and police announced their belief that the author of the petition was a member of the National Liberation Front (FLN), the leading force in the Algerian revolt.

The next official move, after two weeks of deliberation, was to lay charges of sedition against twelve of the signatories — writers and journalists little known outside France. Charges were believed pending against more of the petitioners and three professors had been suspended by their universities for signing.

The best known figures among the signatories — Sartre, Mlle de Beauvoir and Mlle Signoret — were not among the first group charged. If the government does decide to bring a man of Sartre's stature to trial because of his views on this issue it could, many Frenchmen believe, set rolling a courtroom drama with some of the disruptive implications of the Dreyfus case. But having charged some of the signers of the petition, how can it stop short of charging all 121?

Not only was the petition defiant in its terms but there was also a calculated provocation in its timing. The government already had on its hands the trial by a military tribunal of a group accused of actively supporting the Algerian rebels. The group includes Gloria de Herrera, an American expatriate painter from Los Angeles, and the trial has been enlivened by the legal pyrotechnics that mark the French judicial system. One of the defending lawyers, the well known counsel Gisele Halimi, dramatically renounced her brief at one stage, charging that the state was preventing a fair trial by its refusal to allow certain witnesses to be called. The witnesses: Andre Malraux, minister of cultural affairs, and Edmond Michelet, minister of justice.

If the authorities do follow through and press the new sedition charges the stage would be set for an ee

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

SARTRE   BEAUVOIR   SAGAN   SIGNORET

These spokesmen for the Intellectual Left are among the 121 signers of a petition asserting the right of Frenchmen to aid the Algerian rebels.

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The prisoner of Bordeaux

A SANE MAN'S THREE YEARS IN A PRISON MADHOUSE

Robert Sauvé, a troubled but normal French Canadian, was arrested at 20 on a charge that might have brought him a short jail sentence. Instead he was locked up for 41 months, with neither trial nor treatment, in the mental wing of Montreal's Bordeaux Jail. The most damnable fact in a damning record: there may be others like him still inside

By Peter Gzowski

MONTREAL PRISON AT BORDEAUX, more commonly called Bordeaux Jail, is a hulking four-story grey building shaped like a six-pointed asterisk on the west side of Montreal Island. One wing, stretching outward almost to the brooding concrete walls, makes Bordeaux unlike any other prison in Canada. That wing is, in theory, not a prison at all. It is a mental institution. In it six hundred and fifty men (the number has gone as high as twelve hundred) await mental examination, mental treatment or, all too often, death from old age or by their own hand.

The ugliest fact about this ugly institution is that a man may be imprisoned in it without committing a crime, and without being tried by a court. A young French Canadian named Robert Sauvé was released from Bordeaux's mental wing this summer after forty-one months of confinement. He had been convicted of no crime and had been found guilty by no court. No court, in fact, had seen him at all after March 12, 1957, the day he pleaded not guilty to a charge of intimidation for which the maximum sentence, rarely imposed, would have been two years. Sauvé simply disappeared for three years. The sole reason for his detention was the certificate of a psychiatrist who had previously found him sane and whose change of mind was prompted by a report from one of the men Sauvé was accused of intimidating. During his nearly three and a half years in Bordeaux Sauvé received no pill, no physical treatment and nothing that could be described in the most generous terms as psychotherapy.

There is evidence that there are others like him still inside. Sauvé himself speaks of "dozens," many of them orphans or illegitimate children who have no one interested in their release. He describes one boy, now eighteen, who has been in Bordeaux since he was fourteen, when he set a fire in his parents' barn, and who has since been visited only by a friendly priest.

One former guard told me there were a hundred sane men inside. Another said fifty. An ex-prisoner agreed with that figure. A third former guard told me calmly and seriously that *a third* of the prisoners appeared sane to him. Whatever the estimate, *all* the men of good faith whom I asked are convinced there are some sane persons in Bordeaux's mental wing.

These two cases have cropped up within the past year:

- Last fall a 19-year-old philosophy student from a *collège classique* in the Gaspé collapsed on a Montreal street with a mild attack of an epileptic nature. He was charged with obstructing the passage of pedestrians and taken to the mental wing at Bordeaux. He regained consciousness in a back ward so crowded with forty-eight patients that the inmates were not allowed to leave their beds. On one side of him was a man charged with murder, incoherent and drooling. On the other, an inmate with no control over his bowels, constantly fouling the bed. Across the crowded aisle was a patient incessantly masturbating. After ten days the orderly in the boy's ward, a homosexual, took a fancy to the student and appointed him his helper. The boy's shoes were given back to him and he was allowed to feed the drooling murderer, to clean the fouled sheets of his other neighbor. Fortunately, before the boy was forced to "pay" for this favor, the homosexual orderly was transferred, and his replacement allowed the boy to reach a telephone. He called a professor at his college and was released.
- In August of this year, a middle-aged Romanian-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARCEL COGNAC

Robert Sauvé looks back on the institution where he was held for 41 months, though he hadn't been convicted or even faced a court.

The prisoner of Bordeaux

BORDEAUX JAIL: FOR SANE AND INSANE ALIKE, A LIVING HELL

born salesman named Alexandre Ciobotaru had a squabble with his wife and was taken to Bordeaux on a charge of intimidation. A mental examination was requested. After fifteen days his lawyer obtained a court order for his release. When Ciobotaru didn't get in touch with his employer, the employer grew worried. He called the jail and was told that Ciobotaru had been released. When he *still* couldn't locate Ciobotaru, the employer called Bordeaux's assistant governor at home and was told the same thing. The next day, six days after his freedom had been ordered, the jail office finally discovered that Ciobotaru was *still in the mental wing*. He was released. "A slip," said the assistant governor. "These things happen."

The place where they happen is not readily accessible to the press. I was not allowed past the office. But from the testimony of men who have been inside as guards or prisoners, a priest who has visited prisoners and a journalist who went in disguised as a prisoner's relative, it was possible to arrive at a fairly complete picture.

In spite of several recent improvements, Bordeaux's mental wing still crawls with cockroaches. A guard told me his footsteps crunched in the back corridors. At night, according to another guard, you can hear rats screaming. Prisoners in the basement dungeons—punishment cells—beg to have their lights left on to keep the rats away. Guards need, or did need under the Union Nationale, letters from their local MLAs to be hired; they start at $2,800 a year and get no prior training. Recently a former army NCO, taken on to improve discipline in the wing, started a two-week series of hour-long on-the-job classes. Forty-eight guards enrolled; thirteen "graduated." One alumnus told me that the lesson he remembered most vividly was on how to untie the knot around the neck of a man who had hanged himself.

In one four-month spell early in 1957, four prisoners, all under twenty-one, committed suicide. No one will say how many others have done so since. In June of this year more than a hundred mental wing prisoners rioted. Four of them are still in punishment cells as this report is written. Two of them tried to injure themselves—in order to be moved to a real hospital—by eating steel bedsprings. Perhaps a quarter of the prisoners (that is as low an estimate as I was given), and certainly some of the guards, are homosexuals. Unspeakable acts are practised openly. There is no attempt to separate homosexuals from other prisoners, or old from young. Unruly prisoners are beaten into submission with fists, which sometimes are clenched around jagged, protruding burrs of keys, and with the metal-tipped straps of straitjackets. But no testimony is more damning than the story of Robert Sauvé. To be fully understood, that story must go back to the boy's beginnings.

Joseph Robert Sauvé was baptized the day he was found, newborn and abandoned, by the nuns of a Montreal crèche, September 23, 1936. At six, they sent him to an orphanage school, and he became a ward of the privately supported *Société d'Adoption et de Protection de l'Enfance*. In 1948, at the age of eleven, he was put up for adoption. No one wanted him. The same year he was—in fact if not in formal terminology—rented out as indentured labor to the first of a dozen farmers he was to live with over the next few years. The farmers paid from $25 to $40 a month to the adoption society. Sauvé got about a dollar a month as spending money. He received some home tutoring, but was hopelessly behind his contemporaries. He was not a bright boy and, in his own words, "all they taught us at the orphanage was the catechism."

In 1949 he left the first farmer and the adoption society placed him with another. These events were repeated with varying but always limited success until Robert was seventeen. In 1954 he was working as a hired hand for his twelfth farmer. This man, whom Sauvé has since described grimly as a *cochon*, worked him harder than any of the others. "I had always been in misery," Robert said years later, "and when I fell into that place it was just an insult." By this time he was no longer formally a ward of the society and he got his full pay, $25 a month.

On December 12 of that year Robert shot the farmer in the leg with a .22 calibre rifle he had bought for hunting. Then he went to the adoption society and confessed what he'd done. He was charged with attempted murder and taken to Bordeaux to await trial. The crown requested a mental examination. In February 1955, following two interviews, reports of which fill six and a half typewritten pages, and a Wechsler Bellevue intelligence test, Dr. J. Arthur Huard, superintendent of the Bordeaux mental wing, wrote to the sheriff of Montreal:

"Sauvé presented no delusions, no psychosis . . . He is well oriented in time and place . . . His behavior in prison shows nothing abnormal . . . His intelligence level is a little below normal, but not to the point of preventing him from distinguishing right from wrong. I have not found the elements that would make me consider Joseph Robert Sauvé mentally ill . . . From the psychological point of view it is well to remember that the accused is an illegitimate child . . ."

In May—six months after he was originally confined—the charge was reduced to discharging a firearm with intent to wound. Sauvé was sentenced to two years and taken to St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary, whence he was shortly transferred to the Federal Training Centre at Laval, where young offenders may be treated separately from hardened criminals.

Sauvé was released on January 11, 1957. He was twenty. He made his way to Montreal, to the home of Paulin Benoit. Benoit, the first man Sauvé had worked for, on whose farm he stayed from July 1948 until October 1949, had since quit farming and moved to an apartment in eastern Montreal. He was the closest thing to a family Sauvé had known.

When the boy arrived at Benoit's he had only the suit he was given on release from prison and a few dollars. Everything else he owned, a change of clothes, a few comic books, a hunting knife, was in a valise that had been taken from him when he went to the penitentiary. When he was released, the valise had disappeared. Benoit found him a room in a boarding house and helped him get a job in the kitchen of a Montreal hospital.

Two weeks after his re-

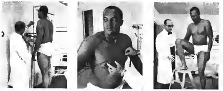
CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

The Negro and the white man differ in many anatomical measurements. Here a Toronto truck driver Fred Caselberry is checked for posture against a series of movable arms that leaves a contour

The advantages of being black

It's true the two races are not equal— but some of the inequalities are in the black man's favor. This is a report on Negro superiority and its reasons

BY ALAN PHILLIPS



A specialist in physical medicine, C. M Godfrey weighs and measures Fred Caselberry The Negro characteristics include heavy frame wide chest, long reach and shin all of which check out on Dr Godfrey s tests.

THE MOST SELF-DESTRUCTIVE belief of our time is the white man s conviction that people with pigmented skin are inferior especially black-skinned people This assumption looms like a wall between the West and its could-be friends in the Near and Far East Latin America and Africa Its legacy of hate has subverted every empire but Russia s which not only draws no color line but declared at this year's Olympics that physically the *Negro* is superior.

Most white North Americans will label this statement by Grigori Kukushkin, Russia s director of athletic training as propaganda (which doubtless it is) or nonsense But the question of whether the Negro is or is not the better man has lain implicit and tantalizing for years in the records of sport

A Vancouver nineteen-year-old Harry Jerome, is co-holder of the world's 100-metre record At 200 metres the fastest human is Ray Norton. At 400 metres it's Otis Davis Ralph Boston has jumped farther and John Thomas has jumped higher than anyone else in the world All are Negroes

Negroes dominate every professional sport for which they can train and compete with near-equality In baseball's National League which is about twenty percent Negro they have won the last seven Most Valuable Player awards At one point in a 1960 All-Star game the National League fielded seven Negro and two white players The stars most often named as tops in today s game are Willy Mays, Hank Aaron Ernie Banks and Frank Robinson — all Negroes

In boxing where Joe Louis knocked down the last color bar Negroes hold six of eight championships In basketball Wilt Chamberlain, Bill Russell and Oscar Robertson are indisputably supreme Perhaps the finest fullback in football is Cleveland's Jimmy Brown The world s best all round athlete, despite an injured back is U S decathlon star Rafer Johnson whose deportment typifies novelist John Steinbeck s judgment Negroes are also superior in sensibility

Belief in racial superiority is as old as humanity The northern races, wrote Aristotle, the finest mind of Greece, were "wanting in intelligence and skill have no political organization and are incapable of ruling others He referred of course, to the British, French and Dutch, greatest colonialists in history

The Greeks also knew the Negroes Of all races said Herodotus, they were most beautiful Color didn t become a stigma till sixteenth-century Europeans opened the sea routes and conquered by virtue of firearms, most native races In the New World slavery solved the labor shortage and rationalization salved the Christian conscience.

White clergymen quoted St Paul "Servants obey . . . your masters," pointing out that "servant" in Greek meant slave Man they argued was made in the image of God, and since God was not a Negro it followed that the Negro was not a man "The Negro brain," wrote a British anthropologist, Dr James Hunt, resembles a child's brain and thus approaches the ape " As late as 1900 a Bible house in St Louis was circulating a book called The Negro A Beast.

Three hundred years of rationalizing has made Negro blood so odious that Virginians with one-sixteenth in their veins are classed as black and the Red Cross blood bank refused to mix it with white blood in World War II Even Canadians who pride themselves on tolerance show bias by job and social discrimination Books, radio films and funnies have strengthened three stereotypes the contented illiterate servant descendant of happy slaves the comic coon, sleepy, dullwitted, lightfingered and shiftless, and the primitive black, oversexed, brutal and bad-smelling

In broadness of nose and slant of brow the Negro indeed is most primitive But Ralph Linton states in The Study of Man that it is the white man whose lips are most like the ape s thin and mobile, whose massive brow ridges, coarse straight hair and abundant body hair are most simian

U S southerners claim that Negroes smell animal-like, an acrid odor called "Negro funk " In the dance called patting juber," wrote Dr S A Cartwright, a prominent nineteenth-century Louisianian, "the odor emitted from the men is often so powerful

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

Three athletes that their white opponents rarely beat. basketball star Wilt Chamberlain the best-paid player in sport Olympic decathlon champion Rafer Johnson, and heavyweight boxing champion Floyd Patterson

Jack Pickersgill's third contentious life on Parliament Hill

1937-53: the most powerful backstage figure in Ottawa
1953-57: the most derided minister in the cabinet
1957-60: the deadliest marksman in opposition

By Peter C. Newman

Pickersgill (left) with Lester Pearson at the 1958 Liberal convention that chose Pearson as party leader

DURING THE LAST three years in the House of Commons the prickliest thorn in the seemingly invulnerable hide of the Conservative majority has been John Whitney Pickersgill the member for a Newfoundland constituency with the improbable name of Bonavista—Twillingate. Pickersgill looks more like a prankster than a politician and is handicapped by the awkward limb movements of a sleepy penguin but his attacks on just about everything the Tories touch have brought John Diefenbaker to his feet, shaking in furious denial, more often than the debating salbes of any other opposition member.

Pickersgill's success as the leading cut and thrust artist of parliamentary debate has made Canadians increasingly aware that this man would be a major figure in any future government formed by the Liberal party. Political insiders have known this all along. During the two decades preceding the defeat of the Liberals, Jack Pickersgill was the most powerful backstage influence in Ottawa.

As Mackenzie King's special assistant for eleven years, he grew so close to the prime minister that "I've fixed it with Jack" became tantamount to prime-ministerial approval among members of the Liberal cabinet. The succession to office of Louis St Laurent made Pickersgill virtually a non-elected deputy prime minister. It was only later as St Laurent's minister of citizenship and immigration that he became noted mostly for an ability to say the wrong thing in a way sure to catch headlines.

The 1957 and 1958 elections left Liberal leader Lester Pearson with the front bench support of only three former cabinet colleagues — Paul Martin Lionel Chevrier and Pickersgill. Martin has since become the Liberals' best infighter and Chevrier is the party's top bilingual orator. But it's the debating fire of Jack Pickersgill that has turned out to be the Tory cabinet's most unpleasant affliction.

Pickersgill takes the floor oftener than any other opposition member to hurl barbs at Tory ministers. He regularly calls John Diefenbaker "utterly incompetent" and uses every device to accuse him of lying without actually saying the word, which would be against parliamentary rules. In one debate last year he summed up the Diefenbaker record then in a sweep of anger declared that Diefenbaker and his promises were just like Humpty Dumpty—broken. The prime minister laughed agreeably surprised by Pickersgill's mildness. Then the Liberal bore in. Referring to Allister Grosart, the former vice-president of McKim Advertising in Toronto who was Diefenbaker's campaign manager, Pickersgill chanted "Yes Just like Humpty Dumpty. And all McKim's horses and all McKim's men can never put him together again." Diefenbaker was furious.

During this year's debate on the Bill of Rights Pickersgill hesitantly asked Immigration Minister Ellen Fairclough whether the government intended to deport a Chinese woman who had emigrated to this country illegally two and a half years ago and subsequently given birth to a child. As soon as Mrs Fairclough had admitted that the deportation was proceeding, as Pickersgill knew she would, he reared up to ask Diefenbaker "Can the prime minister tell us how the government squares its conduct in attempting to exile a Canadian citizen, with the Bill of Rights?" The prime minister obviously caught without an answer could only mumble "The Bill of Rights hasn't been passed yet."

During the excitement of debate Pickersgill has a way of emphasizing the point he's making by tossing his slanting forelock of greying brown hair across his forehead. He's physically clumsy and utterly incapable of sitting still. When he was a youngster his grandmother made him a standing offer of five cents for every five minutes he could keep still. "I needed the money badly," he recalls, "but I never earned a penny of it."

The thrift he learned when he was growing up on a Prairie homestead dominates his life in the expenditure of both time and money. He doesn't part easily with the coins he carries in a black clasp type woman's change purse stuffed into his right hip pocket. He uses up pencils until they're inch-long stubs that can barely be gripped. A few years ago he complained at length in the House of Commons about the fifteen cents he had lost in an airport stamp-vending machine. He wears only two kinds of tie — his Oxford New College brown-and-silver stripe and a blue-and white polka dot — and depends on friends to notice when the ties become frayed and send him new ones. His suits are purchased in ten minute expeditions to Morgan's.

Pickersgill's home is a pleasant but not luxurious house in Rockcliffe, Ottawa's best residential district where he lives with his wife the former Margaret Beattie of Winnipeg and three children — Peter fifteen Alan twelve and Ruth ten. His nineteen year old daughter Jane is a pre-medical student at Queen's University. He participates in Ottawa social life very little in sports and hobbies not at all. "I've never been able to play any kind of game, except bridge," he says, "and I've given that up." During the past two years most of Pickersgill's spare time has been spent writing The Mackenzie King Record 1939 1944 being published this month by the University of Toronto Press. He plans a companion volume to cover the last six years of King's life.

To make the most of his time Pickersgill usually lies awake in bed for an hour planning his day before getting up at seven. He then weighs himself (if the scales hit more than 190 pounds he won't eat any bread that day) and does a few of the exercises prescribed in the RCAF's physical fitness course. Most days he begins walking to work then hitchhikes sometimes turning down three or four rides until he gets a driver who's likely to provide interesting political conversation.

The highlight of Pickersgill's year is the six weeks he spends with his family in a cottage without electricity or telephone at Traytown a fishing village in his riding in northeastern Newfoundland. In 1956 he made the rounds of his constituency in a 115 foot schooner he bought for $7 500. She piled up on the rocks off Cape Race on a chartered freight run in 1958 and he's now thinking of buying another boat with the insurance money.

Pickersgill originally won his Newfoundland seat only because of the vigorous campaign waged on his behalf by Joey Smallwood, the provincial premier. But he has since become a vote getter in his own right and campaigned effectively for the Newfoundland Liberals in the last provincial election. He's now so well established in his riding that Smallwood told a friend recently "If I were as sure of getting into heaven as Jack Pickersgill is of getting re-elected in Bonavista Twillingate, I'd have cause to be happy." In the 1957 election when Liberal candidates were going down to defeat across the country, Pickersgill got eighty-seven percent of the votes cast in his riding.

His popularity is based on a genuine concern for the welfare of the people in the depressed outports. As a Liberal cabinet minister he was mainly responsible for the establishment of unemployment insurance for fishermen. But overshadowing Pickersgill's other attractions to his constituents is the memory of the buildup he got during his first campaign in 1953 when Smallwood billed him as the father of Canada's family allowance legislation. The baby bonus is an CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

The anatomy of a television commercial

TELEVISION's best-kept secrets are the answers to two questions that sooner or later bother everybody who sits down in front of a set Who makes these commercials? And Do they have to make them like *that*? In the case of a new soap called Dove which will soon be lathering Canadian screens, the answers are reported here.

THE PITCH

There are three Dove commercials each a minute long each with its own starlet under the suds and each extolling in its own way the mildness the softness, and the one-quarter-cold-cream content of Dove Lever Brothers, which makes the soap and MacLaren Advertising, which makes many of Lever's commercials, spent two years in planning, three days in shooting, and $50 000 in cash to produce them

"Our big problem was that Dove really *is* mild soft and a quarter cold cream," said Allan Scott a vice president of MacLaren's "But all these claims have been done to death"

The alternative seemed to be something fresh to look at. MacLaren's supervisor of the Lever account John Carson settled on fresh-looking girls And since Dove is expensive — two bars for 45 cents (for bath size two for 59) — they decided to present the girls in high-style Vogueish ads

THE PEOPLE

They began by hiring Vogueish talent Richard Avedon a New York photographer is in fact the man who set the present fashion in Vogue photography, so they hired him Avedon suggested three girls who are both Vogueish and fresh to look at — a model named Carmen another named Dolores Hawkins and a third named Suzy Parker These four plus about twenty assorted mechanics — make-up men sound men camera men and so on — gathered in Avedon's New York studio one hot week in May

The first day was devoted to Suzy She worked from the moment she arrived at 7 45 a.m until the lights were switched off late in the afternoon Sipping champagne to start the day she was made up to the accompaniment of Frank Sinatra records which she brought — as well as a machine to play them — with her

THE FILMING

Avedon was responsible for the Art, arranging the photography and directing the girls But before anything went on film it had to be checked by two other men

Robin Hardy represented Bert Lawrence Productions the technicians who actually made the film and it was up to him to make sure that the lights were turned on, that there was film in the camera and that the camera was in focus Len McColl MacLaren's TV production representative made sure the client's requests were followed and he also kept an eye peeled for cleavage armpits or too much fleshy thigh all breaches of good taste prohibited by the CBC

At the end of the third day they had three commercials in the can Each will be shown twenty-six times on Canadian TV during the coming year, in English on Front Page Challenge and Peter Gunn in French on Cinéma Internationale and Du Côté de Chez Lise

JOHN GRAY

THE GIRLS

The girls Avedon cast for the Dove commercials were Carmen (above) who played a sultry temptress, Suzy Parker (top left and near right) who portrayed a sophisticated beauty and Dolores Hawkins (far right) who played a fresh faced kid next door role Lynn Howard, a copywriter with MacLaren Advertising's Toronto office, provided the scripts and the filming was supervised by Richard Avedon (wearing glasses, lower left) A fashion photographer Avedon was chosen as art director for his first hand knowledge of modish camera techniques.

THE FROLIC

When the hard work was over Carmen (above) broke the tension with a burlesque of the poses she'd taken in the very serious (and very expensive) commercial She whipped the bar of Dove into a lather and covered her whole head Still reclining in the bathtub — she'd been there all day — she grabbed Avedon hauled him into the suds with her and tore off one of his shoes to use as a beater to whip up more foam Then she stood up and allowed the soap to drain from her flesh-colored bathing suit ★

How Britain's National Health Service works

A Canadian reporter, newly arrived with his young family, takes a hard look at the system that Britons no longer call "socialized medicine"

BY LESLIE F. HANNON

MACLEAN'S OVERSEAS EDITOR

FOR A DOZEN YEARS now the British have had what most Canadians would call "socialized medicine." Millions literally don't know what it is to worry about doctors' or hospital bills. Their National Health Service gives them everything medical or dental that you could name, free at the time of purchase or at ridiculously cheap rates.

But is that the whole story? Is the scheme truly the godsend and boon its advocates expected? Is it an intrusive bureaucratic bumble, lowering medical standards, as many North American doctors argue? Can a British doctor adequately care for 3,500 patients, as he must if he has the maximum permitted "list"? Does a patient have any choice of doctor — or a doctor a choice of patient? What happens in the hospital, and to the man who doesn't know what's wrong but is simply feeling lousy? And how does the country afford all this when, for instance, a prescription for the most expensive antibiotic costs the buyer, on the spot, just thirteen cents?

I arrived here with my wife and four small children two months ago and we've had some medical service since then. I've also spent the last four weeks putting these questions to just about everyone I've met. I deliberately sought out known opponents of the NHS, and just as deliberately called at the Ministry of Health to get the official line. I called on doctors in the British Medical Association's granite tower, in rural Essex, in grimy Manchester, in fashionable Mayfair.

The answer can be summed up with deceptive ease. It works fine. There is no possibility of any government's throwing the scheme out, nor would the British doctors as a body kill the service, even if they could.

The NHS has faults — everybody here cheerfully admits that. Some of the faults are being tackled, others are pigeonholed. A few of them would be present even if the NHS had remained only a dream. The biggest fault I could see is that the method of payment to the doctor by the state is an open encouragement to the lazy or cynical doctor to make a good living with the minimum of work. As a matter of fact, the less time he spends with each patient, the more patients he can carry and the more money he collects. Yet fifty years of study by sincere and dedicated men has failed to produce a satisfactory alternative payment system. Another flaw is that, currently, a general practitioner may follow a case every inch of the way up to the hospital door — but no farther. Through that door the patient passes out of his control and becomes simply "next case" to a salaried specialist. Yet another fault is that new hospital construction in Britain is lagging far behind need.

But balancing the faults, the NHS has brought Britain some great and even revolutionary advances. The development of the voluntary group practice is outstanding among them.

The Caversham Centre in teeming Kentish Town seems an unlikely place for a revolution. Its spruce-up paint job doesn't conceal its origins as the end unit of a row of ugly four-story houses considered respectably middle-class when Victoria reigned. Thousands of other houses in London's northern suburbs, taken over by working-class families since World War I, look exactly the same. Nevertheless, Caversham offers Canada — and the rest of the world — a striking example of the tremendous changes taking place in the practice of modern medicine.

In this inconvenient made-over building, four general practitioners work in harmonious partnership. They have quelled their competitive instincts, forsworn private practice and committed themselves to an ideal. Each doctor has his own list of patients under the National Health Service and the per head fees he collects for them from the state go into the partnership funds. They all share and pay for the building, the services of a staff nurse, laboratory technician, receptionist, secretary and part-time accountant. Each day during surgery (consulting) hours, two doctors are on duty and if a patient has no appointment, he can take his seat in the waiting room. Either doctor will see any temporary resident or visitor or accident victim. For vacations, weekends and night calls the four doctors take each other's appointments and any district emergency calls on a rota system. Over morning coffee they discuss their current cases and weigh new techniques and entertain a constant stream of visitors.

The Caversham group practice is not unique. Throughout the country today, half the GPs are working in partnerships of two, three, four and more. But group practices similar to the Caversham model number at most 200 and few are as well integrated and solidly established as is Caversham.

The ideal most of them are striving to attain is the dream of the comprehensive community free health centre, incorporating all medical and public health services outside hospital, as pictured in the National Health Service Bill introduced in 1946 by Aneurin Bevan, then Minister of Health.

Since the NHS began its pioneering life in July 1948, not a single complete health centre of the kind that was projected has gone into operation. A few approach the goal — places like Woodberry Down in London, Sighthill in Edinburgh, Darbishire House in Manchester — but in each case certain services have remained in the hands of other local bodies, and special arrangements have been made to suit local personalities and local conditions. The three main stumbling blocks are, first, the unwillingness of most doctors to accept a straight salary from the state; second, a shortage of government funds for the capital outlay for the centres (across the country, they'd cost many millions of pounds) and third, a natural reluctance among civil servants already administering certain health services to give up or change their jobs.

As things stand now, it's generally accepted that the dream is on ice, and will remain there for at least a decade. Into the vacuum, then, has come the group practice plan. And, as it grows from a sincere desire among young GPs to give the public the best possible family-doctor service, and because it is not marred by the regimentation implied by the acceptance of wages, it is perhaps superior to the original dream. And, quite unheralded, it offers a revolutionary conception to other nations nervously approaching the brink of national health services. No doctor, however brilliant or dedicated, can offer single-handed the comprehensive care available from the groups.

My four children were all due for polio booster shots and, in our status as temporary residents, I took them along to the Caversham Centre. It seemed as good a way as any to open a personal acquaintanceship with the NHS.

The most common criticism in North America of the British service is that the doctor-patient relationship has deteriorated. Most of the lay visitors to the group practice centres subtly turn their questions toward that quarter. Because the doctors get a capitation fee for all patients on their lists (it totals a little over six cents a week per patient) irrespective of whether an individual patient has cancer or a cold in the nose, irrespective of whether he calls once in five years or five times a week, do the doctors fall into an assembly-line technique? Do they scribble off a drug prescription every five minutes during the normal two hours of "surgery"? If complications appear even faintly possible, do doctors simply send the patient off to hospital where he becomes the responsibility of the consultant (specialist) branch of the NHS?

Since photographer Bert Hardy was present, the arrival of the Hannons at Caversham couldn't be called typical. However, the centre's staff had no prior warning of our arrival and an average Saturday morning crowd was in the waiting room. A group of small children played with blocks and puzzles, a young mother sat with a listless baby on her lap, a collarless elderly man stared with tired eyes out into the garden at the rear, a youth with ducktail haircut flicked over the sport pages of a day-old paper.

The receptionist, flustered by the arrival of the photographer, fluttered the patients' registration cards and was relieved when Dr Hugh Faulkner, the darkly handsome senior partner, led us up the narrow stairs into his surgery. Many a Canadian doctor would call the room dingy, but it brightened as Faulkner explained his instruments to the children. His easy manner won their confidence in a few seconds. Once, to oblige a friend, he demonstrated his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERT HARDY

Hannon (upper left), watched by his son Trevor, fills in an NHS registration form at a London medical centre. With his wife (above, hidden by Trevor) and four children, he waits for the doctor. Trevor (right) examines the site of his booster shot.

You can so drive to Nicaragua

Officials told her it was impossible—they said the Inter-American Highway from Alaska to Argentina was just an imaginary red line in a mapmaker's mind. But this B.C. housewife defied bandits, washouts, jungle tracks and border guards to prove them wrong

By Lorna Whishaw

Central American marketing yielded a bowl for the dog

WE WERE LIVING rather forlornly, my daughter and I, at our home in Queen's Bay, British Columbia, putting up our defenses against encroaching winter and pounding down the mountain daily for mail from our men. From Ian, our son in college, and Irore Quen, who was geologizing in Nicaragua.

One day in early November I was slithering back from the post office with my nose in Quen's letter. I read: "Why not come down here for Christmas, the two of you? I can't get back as soon as I'd hoped, and Christmas alone . . ." I brushed away the snow and re-read the letter, and the PS, which is noteworthy: "Whatever you do, don't drive down." I folded the damp letter into my mackinaw and dreamed.

Joyfully I made enquiries, to learn that the only known way of getting to Nicaragua was to fly from Vancouver. Of course there are no railroads, ships don't seem to call there, and the highway, that thick red line that runs from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego, was an unfinished project.

"We'll not fly," I said to Iona. "It's so sudden. You see the top of the world and there you are with all the wrong clothes. Besides, I'm scared of flying."

"I'm not," my eleven-year-old said.

"Well, flying's out. So how shall we travel?"

"We'll drive, of course. How else?" Iona said.

For a couple of weeks I asked questions and wrote letters, but no one really seemed to know who or what Nicaragua was, though the papers were headlining some revolutions there. From some excellent but highly negative literature we learned that the highway between Mexico and Guatemala was impassable and that cars have to be transported by rail over a bad stretch between the end of the Mexican bit of highway and the start of the Guatemalan road. The literature informed us that the highway in Guatemala and Honduras was innocent of road signs and that it was impossible to distinguish between the main road and the branching farm trails; that gas in southern Mexico was of the lowest quality; that one must carry one's own gas south of the Mexican border; that one should take camping equipment because no accommodation was available and a traveler might be held up for days and weeks waiting for rivers to subside, and so on, of course always providing that the traveler was lucky enough to find a flat dry spot to camp on. There followed a long list of recommended spares and replacements, suggestions for sealing cars against dust and the information that only vehicles with double transmission were permitted transit. I looked dubiously at our Zephyr convertible. Had it double transmission?

I read that one had to carry drums of water, that one must have typhoid and yellow-fever shots and police clearance papers.

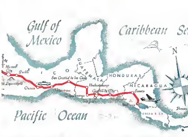
"I don't believe a word of it," I said to Iona. "Let's drive down to Mexico City and start finding out from there, shall we?"

"But the dog?"

"Of course the dog. That's the beauty of driving."

Iona threw her arms round the neck of Oa, the yearling German shepherd. "He's got such a fine winter coat, I do hope he changes it in time," she said. "Can I sit in front and Oa in back?"

So we packed a spare fan belt and a nylon towrope in memory of flooded rivers previously encountered in the wilder reaches of Mexico.



Adventure of the 5,000-mile trip started when the Whishaws (left, with Oa) hit Guatemala's dust.

Oa (taking dinner from his mistress) was the terror of the markets in towns where the Whishaws paused.

We drove out of Canada in a wailing November blizzard, the slush flying six feet high like spray from a speedboat.

The trip to Mexico City is routine for us, as it is for most Canadians I find, so there is no point in telling about that.

We spent a week in Mexico City, asking questions. Friends who live in Chiapa, near the Guatemalan border, wrote that cars do indeed pass from one country to the other, but by rail and only in convoy because of the bandits.

Bandits! Who would have suspected good old Mexico of harboring anything as romantic as bandits? Could one, I wondered, be insured against being held for ransom by bandits? Another friend told us that his company had recently sent a driver over the Inter-American. The driver vanished for weeks, but he had made the round trip, down to Guatemala by road and back by flatcar. He had reported that the highway was as yet only a trail blasted through the mountains, that unbridged rivers tore through canyons, that he had been held up for days by roaring torrents, and that in effect the highway was impassable.

"Perhaps he was just having himself a time at company expense in Guatemala City," I said.

"Why the three spares?" the serviceman working our car over wanted to know. When I told him he fetched the proprietor.

"If I understand this man right, you intend to drive down the Inter-American? I most earnestly beg you to reconsider. I would like to talk to your husband."

I explained that Quen was waiting for us at the other end. In agitation the man paced up and down, stroking Iona's head while she dodged politely between the cars.

"This lovely child, this lovely child to be sacrificed. At least you have a gun?"

"No gun. A dog."

"Yes, the dog. Of course a dog is better than a gun unless they have been drinking or smoking marijuana, then hell full of dogs won't help. I wish I could understand you gringos. There is always something that makes you impossible to get along with."

I set about getting our papers. No one asked for police papers, typhoid or yellow-fever shots. The Nicaraguan consul was helpful, but when he heard that we proposed traveling by car he shook his head.

"Go with God," he said. "But there is an excellent air service, you know."

At the Guatemalan consulate there was a line-up for visas—students on their way to Honduras, Mexicans on vacation, Panamanians in paper trouble, and one gringo, me. All the seats were being drowsed on, so I stood and examined the notices. I stood for an hour and a half and then I presented my passport.

"Canada," said purple nails and orange hair. "Are you traveling alone?"

"No, with my daughter. She's on the passport."

"Have you her father's permission?"

"That's not necessary. He knows about it."

"You must bring a letter from the father."

"I can't do that, unfortunately."

"I see. Haven't you any idea who he is or where he is?" When I had explained she began filling in her book of records.

"Single?" she asked after a lot of writing.

"Married," I said. She clutched her vivid head in exasperation and put inky strokes through her work.

"Why do you need a Guatemalan visa since you are going to Nicaragua?"

"I'm driving."

"You're what? Well, you'll be just fine when you do get to Guatemala. There's a lot of Mexico to go through, though. Over there for your car papers, please."

"Single?" the next

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

The brightening outlook for

CHILDLESS COUPLES

People who'd like to have children but can't are the subject of increasing study by medical investigators. Here's a report on recent findings

By Dorothy Sangster

OF THE THOUSANDS of Canadian couples who have no children after a year of marriage many and probably most are childless by choice. But for another sizable group their failure to have children is a personal tragedy. Can anything be done to help these unhappy couples? Is the answer brighter than it used to be? Fortunately, the answer is a potential "yes."

For today's childless couple encouragement lies in the growing medical interest in their problem. Dr. John Rock, director of Boston's famous Reproduction Centre, who has devoted his life to research, recently referred to infertility as "a mystery and a challenge." Seven years ago a handful of physicians and veterinarians met in Toronto and organized the Canadian Society for the Study of Fertility. Its aims: "to promote investigative and educational work in the field of reproduction, to evaluate diagnostic methods and therapy, to promote research in reproduction." Today the organization has 120 members from coast to coast and has awarded five $500 prizes for promising research papers by Canadian doctors.

Although the group is not directly affiliated with the older American Society for the Study of Sterility, which has pioneered in the field for sixteen years, its secretary-treasurer, Dr. George Arronet of Montreal, says: "We're trying to do the same things and we have a close and happy relationship."

What all this medical awareness means to the childless couple probably depends on which of the categories they fall into.

Cases in which either the husband or wife (or possibly both) has some physical deterrent to conception, such as a constitutional defect, injuries resulting from mumps, German measles, venereal disease, excessive radiation or heat, obstructions caused by inflammations and infections, tumors, endocrine imbalance, or blocked tubes.

Holding hope for these couples are things like modern surgery, including the use of plastics, better methods of freezing a husband's concentrated sperm for the artificial insemination of his wife, and an ever-widening knowledge of the role played by adrenal hormones. (Testosterone is currently out of medical favor, many medical schools finding thyroid extract more promising.) The treatment of male infertility continues to be long and painstaking, complicated by the stubborn refusal of some husbands to submit to examination. Of those who do, it's estimated that thirty percent become potential fathers. Hormone therapy is generally more effective with women: it establishes more frequent ovulation and thereby a greater chance of conception.

Cases in which neither partner shows any physical defect but a pregnancy does not occur. These couples have always puzzled the medical profession, the public and the men and women involved. Some psychiatrists speculate that psychological factors like tension, guilt, conflict, self-hate, subconscious resentments and immature attitudes play an unknown role in some of these cases. They wonder why seemingly healthy couples find it so hard to reproduce and why some people, unproductive for years, suddenly begin to have children.

Can climate be involved? Can a woman actually *will* herself not to have a child? Can anxiety render a man impotent? And what's the story behind the couple who adopt a baby and almost immediately have one of their own?

An American study on the emotional content of infertility has indicated that hidden psychic factors may prevent conception. Eighty-three couples were interviewed several times by psychiatrists. The doctors discovered that many of them had negative feelings about parenthood, some fearing the pain of childbirth, others that they would have a defective child, and still others that they were not cut out to be good parents. A sidelight of the experiment was the discovery that eleven of the fifteen couples who feared having a defective child were themselves defective in some way, with blocked tubes, cysts on the ovaries or low sperm counts. This may lend some weight to the theory — frequently advanced but seldom proved — that nature saves her gift of fertility for healthy parents.

Some childless couples — the voluntarily childless — admit openly that they don't want children. Without the worry and expense of raising a family, they say, they are free to pursue a more worldly goal such as a career, political activity, travel, leisure or a glittering social life.

Dr. George Arronet, who is director of Canada's busiest infertility clinic in the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal, recalls a telephone call a few years ago from a man who wanted to know how his wife's "stomach complaint" was improving under treatment. Informed that she had nothing wrong with her stomach but had registered in the infertility centre, he was dumfounded and furious. "A kid is the last thing I want!" he snarled, and flatly refused to pay the bill.

The centre now insists on having both partners present in a preliminary interview, when the doctor can explore their feelings and ideas. It has emerged that many of them aren't keen about having children when it comes right down to it. Some are close to middle age, set in their ways, and fond of their peace and quiet. Others enjoy a comfortable life enlivened by pets, trips to New York, weekly bridge sessions and Sunday golf, and they admit they're loath to give up all this for the doubtful pleasure of parenthood.

Why, then, are they in a doctor's office begging to be made pregnant?

"People are not always rational," says Arronet, "particularly when it comes to having children." He remembers one couple in a mixed marriage who were so anxious to have a son that they had apparently never thought past the moment of his birth. Faced with a casual question about the child's religious future, they sprang into furious argument, were persuaded to go home and talk it over, and never came back.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

JACK McCARTAN: the one-man American invasion of big-time hockey

Previous Yanks in the NHL failed to crack the normal Canadian monopoly because American fans didn't care — but that was before the U.S. won an Olympic title. Now it will be different, if the rookie goaltender is as good as he looks

By Dave Anderson

EARLY LAST WINTER Jack McCartan was an obscure amateur goaltender, not considered good enough for the United States' original Olympic hockey squad. Two months later he was an Olympic hero, the player who sparked the upsets of Canada and Russia that resulted in the surprising U.S. gold medal in the winter games at Squaw Valley, California. Less than three weeks after that, he was the most celebrated personality in the National Hockey League. During a four-game tryout with the last-place New York Rangers, only seven of ninety-nine shots on net got past him. In McCartan's first three games the Rangers were undefeated with a win and two ties. In his final game, they lost by one goal. His sudden stardom completed the most remarkable metamorphosis in hockey history.

This season McCartan signed a contract calling for what a confidant describes as more than $10,000 — compared to the NHL rookie minimum of $7,000. But as McCartan prepares for a more extensive and exacting examination with the Rangers, his dramatic debut is replaced by the question: Is he a marvel or a mirage?

The answer involves more than the goaltending ability of this serious, almost shy, soft-voiced 25-year-old from St. Paul, Minnesota, who last March established a beachhead in the NHL for the U.S. hockey player. If McCartan's one-man invasion fails, there may never be another to equal its intensity. But if McCartan breaks the Canadian monopoly on NHL talent, the Yank players will be inspired as never before. Even in the pre-World War II era, when U.S.-bred Frank Brimsek, Johnny Mariucci, Mike Karakas and Cully Dahlstrom were NHL stars, U.S. hockey interest never equaled the coast-to-coast celebration of last winter's Olympic gold medal, followed by McCartan's stimulating saga with the Rangers.

"The U.S. victory in the Olympics," says Clarence Campbell, the president of the NHL, "made the greatest impact on U.S. hockey since the league went into the U.S. cities in 1924. Eventually, for U.S. boys wanting to be hockey players, it might be the most important thing that has ever happened to the NHL. The best thing for us would be to have at least one American player on each of the American teams. McCartan could be the best missionary we've ever had."

This, of course, does not mean that potential NHL players will be sprouting in the muddy swamps of Mississippi or the golden desert country of southern California. But it should end the withering of what hockey talent there is in the cold-weather climate stretching from Massachusetts to Minnesota, a condition caused by the lack of co-operation of artificial-rink operators. "We've got enough artificial rinks to produce hockey players," says Tom Lockhart, the president of the Amateur Hockey Association of the United States, "but the kids don't get enough time to play hockey on them. Most of the rink owners seem to care only about public skating."

Lockhart, a one-time business manager of the Rangers who grew up in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

Epitaph on a small fleet: the brave corvettes

They were the least glamorous of warships—too small, too clumsy, their crews too green. But in the bitter struggle for the Atlantic, they were too tough to quit

A Maclean's Flashback by Terence Robertson

> *The Battle of the Atlantic was the dominating factor all through the war. Everything happening elsewhere, on land, at sea or in the air depended ultimately on its outcome. The only thing that ever really frightened me was the U-boat peril.*
>
> SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR

THE FIRST CORVETTE I ever saw was Canadian-built, Canadian-manned and named Windflower. The destroyer in which I was serving met this squat little 900-ton newcomer to the Atlantic battlefield in January 1941 and, not unnaturally, approached her for a closer look.

We were completely unnerved at the sight of a 4-inch gun on her foredeck with a weather-warped wooden barrel that distinctly drooped. Then we were warned to keep clear of her stern with the immortal signal: "If you touch me there, I'll scream."

Windflower and a sister corvette, Mayflower, were the first of their kind to be commissioned in Canada and, because the Royal Canadian Navy was temporarily short of suitable weapons, both had been fitted with dummy guns for their maiden voyages to England.

Mayflower's gun must have warped in similar fashion. On meeting the huge battleship Rodney in the Irish Sea she flashed the impudent challenge, "What ship?" The droop in her gun barrel so appalled the British admiral that he replied, "Since when are we clubbing the enemy to death?"

This irrepressible pair were the forerunners of 124 Canadian corvettes which, in the four years ahead, would carry some fifty thousand farmers, miners, students and white-collar workers to victory over the toughest and most highly disciplined fighters in the German armed forces — the elite pro-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

Canada's first corvette, HMS Charybdis (below), was given to the new dominion by the Admiralty in 1880. Her descendants were squat vessels like HMCS Kitchener (left), which 60 years later battled the Atlantic

The lost lore of childhood

Ways and words that once grew wild in any corner lot are withering under cultivation by little league coaches and TV pitchmen

By Robert Thomas Allen

SOMETHING THAT'S BEING bulldozed over with the sod in these days of rapid housing developments is the traditional lore of childhood. People are moving around so fast that the kids must have a hard time finding their homes, let alone remembering their traditions. The lore of childhood may be spread farther and faster by modern transportation and communications, but it's spread thinner, and if all the nourishment it gets is from TV and the sales promotion industry, it will soon give way completely to Little League ball clubs with real uniforms, plastic crash helmets and roots as deep as a prefabricated lawn.

When I was a kid our legends, language and games grew out of the neighborhood like pigweed out of the cracks in the sidewalk. We lobbed boulders in a kind of normal bowling game called Duck on the Rock in a lane bordered by high hemlock plank fences. A vacant lot (I don't mean a parking lot, I mean a vacant lot) was a place to put the smallest member of the gang into orbit in a game of group gymnastics called Crack the Whip. We played horseshoes behind the blacksmith shop at the foot of our street with the smell of burning hooves clearing our heads, and the noisy hide-and-seek game Kick the Can, with a manhole cover for home. There was a lamppost on the street where we played Buck Buck How Many Fingers Up? a game that started with one player leaping on another's back and ended with a sagging, groaning, weaving human chain of kids two layers thick making so much noise that the woman of the house would come out on her veranda and call to us:

"Why don't you go and play around your own lamppost?"

You'd think we played near her place on purpose or something. That was the place where everybody played Buck Buck. It was where our brothers had played Buck Buck before they got on long pants and started work, trailing glorious clouds of cigarette smoke as they went downtown to join the real game of Buck Buck. When I visit the street even today, that lamppost still looks like a place to play Buck Buck, and I often wonder how kids know which games go with what places in today's new scientifically designed communities, or where they find places to hide for games like Hoist the Sails.

We called it Oyster Sails, and it was an exciting but fiery game of search that took place over a city block. You'd hear the cry of "Oyster Sails" floating over the rooftops on a summer night as faint and far off as the cry of a nighthawk, and race up narrow alleyways between the houses and scramble over wooden garages and cut through neighbors' back yards, opening gates and carefully hooking them behind you, running crouched over and on your toes past strange vegetable gardens and flower beds. I don't know how we could have played the game if we had lived in one of today's plate-glass-and-gravel residential deserts where the only place to hide is under a parked car, and even most cars are kept in the house under the bedroom like shiny sleek lovers, instead of out in the back lane where they belong.

Kids don't go in for games the way they used to when gangs of old friends who had grown up together spent the summer playing on the streets and roving the surrounding ravines and farmlands and unfinished city districts, developing a fascinating store of knowledge. If you held your finger up straight and looked silently at one of the junk peddlers who went up the lane chanting "R-a-a-a-gs bo-one!" he would turn into a raging demon and you'd be lucky if you got away with your life, which was probably why nobody ever tried it. If you managed to sink in the abandoned quarry north of the Bloor Street viaduct you'd never stop, because it had no bottom and the water formed a kind of pillar right down to the centre of the earth, and probably out the other side. Tar from the cracks in the sidewalk whitened your teeth as well as making a good chew. Stepping on a rusty nail produced lockjaw, and killing a spider would make it rain all the next day. If you looked a lion right in the eye he couldn't attack you.

What do you mean, how did we *know*? Everybody knew these things and discussed them sitting around a fire up the Don Valley on a Saturday morning, watching potatoes bake and rolling willow-leaf cigarettes. I feel sorry for the kids today who know that what makes it rain is condensation of moisture on ionized particles. Instead of raising downpours by killing spiders these kids just look across the unpaved road of Royal Ridge Homes and go "a-a-a-a-a" with an imaginary machine gun, killing some new kid who just moved into a $400-down development house exactly like the one he left in Paradise Acres.

We spoke our own language and had our own rhymes, although most of them were chanted by girls. They skipped to "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief" and a hideous simpering one, "I love coffee, I love tea, I love the boys and the boys love me ... A—B—C—D," which they'd intone suspended in mid-air looking sideways at the boys. We had no idea where some of the words we used came from, but they were part of our daily lives. We said "I barrows first" for first turn at bat, although I hear that in Vancouver they used the wrong word and said something that sounded as if it were spelled "I bony eyes first." We prized the fancy glass marbles called alleys, smokes and agates over the clay ones called dibs. Marble players in the west, I'm told, used such mystic terms as "knuckles down and bones tight" and "no bull hunching." When we saw someone with something we wanted we yelled "divvies" or "bids on you," or "halvers." If it happened to be an apple we yelped "cores." But our chants and vocabulary had to be learned slowly by living in one place for a long time. I can understand kids today who are being hauled around in a huge sociological game of musical chairs giving up trying to preserve their literary heritage and just letting press agents and disc jockeys make them a package deal.

The other day a little girl arrived on my street. She was born in Calgary, brought up in Texas and educated for the past year in Saudi Arabia, where her father was a petroleum engineer. She passed my house looking just like the little girls who used to go by chanting "Twenty-fourth of May, the Queen's birthday," except that she was singing a commercial for Busch Bavarian Beer, and I don't blame her.

I notice adults are even organizing the kids now into junior racing clubs, with real miniature cars, and Little League hockey and ball clubs. I saw a movie short the other night that showed a complete kids team in Montreal with uniforms and presumably money in the club kitty. There's so much adult supervision today that kids are going to forget how to get along in a group of kids. I've heard a lot of after-dinner speeches about the character-building qualities of organized team sports like hockey, but if you ask me, all it produces is hockey players. In our disorganized street league, little guys who hated hockey had to learn to look after themselves, and still keep a membership in the human race. The most outrageous violation of group ethics was to complain to an adult about the way you were being used. Once a kid said "I'll tell" — meaning he'd tell his brother or his father or a cop or anyone over eight — he was socially dead. Oddly though, a porridge-fed hundred and twenty-pound boy whose father secretly wondered if he could still lick him could bellow "I'LL TELL MOM ON YOU!" at a brother just recently out of diapers, and it was acceptable to everyone as a matter of internal politics.

We swore to the truth by crossing our hearts and spitting and saying "May God strike me dead," sometimes adding in an undertone "if I'm telling the truth."

"What did you say?" some kid would ask, who in later years would read all the fine type on contracts.

"I said 'MAY GOD STRIKE ME DEAD if I'm telling the truth.'"

You'd have your fingers crossed, toes crossed and elbows crossed, which was like having Blue Cross Plan, Green Cross Plan, company insurance and a pension plan.

We addressed one another fondly by nicknames like Freck, Monk, Wink, Dyke and Skinny, and there was always a kid called Fat. The other day I asked my youngest daughter if there was a boy in her class called Fat and she looked at me in disgust and said, "Why would they call a boy that? It would hurt his feelings."

I never was in a gang without a Fat in it. One of my best friends was a boy named Fat Emersie, and it never did anything to his personality but make him a bit pompous. He was a man of substance, and he settled quarrels by arriving with all the calm prestige of today's TV repairman and just lying on the opponents and squeezing them into a state of togetherness. I often think I'm still watching him today when I look at some TV fight that somebody assures me is for the Championship of the World.

Not that we got into many fights. We had a custom devised by many wise generations for avoiding fights without losing face, which involved an expression I've never heard explained—a cordy blow. You didn't punch your adversary, which might have forced him to punch you back. You tapped him on the shoulder and said "There's your cordy blow," and looked at him with the most ferocious expression you could manage, implying impending annihilation and incredible pain and punishment if he didn't come to his senses and seek a bilateral agreement. Sometimes you could get away with giving a guy who had given you a cordy another cordy, which was something like buying on time; nobody had to put anything up.

It was rather important to have the last word in a jeering contest, which could be carried on from any distance even when both parties were going in opposite directions calling over their shoulders:

"That's what you think."
"I know you do."
"That's what I said."
"Too bad, isn't it?"
"That's what I said."
"I said it first."
"I said it second."
"What did you say?"
"You heard me."

They'd turn into their homes and still be hollering repartee as they headed up their hallways toward their kitchens for peanut butter sandwiches.

And it was a somewhat sickening, inevitable fact of life, like having to pay income taxes, that you had to try anything you were scared of but most of the other kids had done — things like walking across one of the railway trestles over the Don River on the outside of the bridge, shuffling along the six-inch flange of steel, trying to make yourself the thickness of rust and keep your mind on Tom Mix and off the Don River below.

We had to go through tests like Iroquois braves, and sometimes it was tough, but it had the advantage of all traditional behavior — we knew what had to be done. Kids today are in the position of their parents, who every day have to try to solve problems of behavior without the aid of the established group traditions that mankind has been busy overthrowing. The fact is that in spite of our increasingly complex civilization we are being left more and more on our own. Group life is going the way of house parties, picnics, building bees and band concerts. What's taking its place is crowding, noise and uniformity. But we're becoming more and more isolated in little mobile social islands surrounded by power mowers and topped by TV aerials. Perhaps it's time we stopped moving around so fast, settled down and gave our kids a chance to revive the traditions and community life we knew as kids. ★

Drawings by Lewis Parker

Sweet and sour

The Donkless Hero

From one of a collection of essays by Norman Ward soon to be published by Longmans Green under the title Mice in the Beer

Donkless artwork by Louis de Niverville

"Say, pappy," a six year-old blood relative, still sweating from a day's toil in Grade One, asked me, "what does 'donkless' mean?"

It took me back. This was no simple confusion arising from a failure to catch the words of a standard song appointed to be sung in schools, but a family tradition. That six-year-old's father and, if I remember correctly, his grandfather before him had been similarly baffled by the donklessness of an otherwise highly touted character, the only real black mark against whom, in my set, was that he would rather have written a certain dull poem than shinny up the river bank near Quebec to trim the wick of one Montcalm. What red-blooded Canadian boy cannot recall when

In days of yore, from Britain's shore
Wolfe, the donkless hero, came?

At that, Wolfe's donkless condition did not cause so much discussion in my time as his singular act of planting

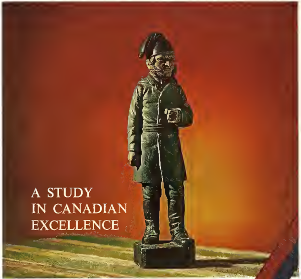
firmbra Tanya's flag
On Canada's fair domain

Wolfe, with or without donk, we could take, but Tanya, a fleshy child with whom I shared a pegboard in kindergarten, was never able to give a satisfactory explanation of how she got into the song at all. As for that firmbra business, I don't recall that any of us gave it a second thought. Of course that was before women's magazines, with their copiously illustrated scenarios of bras of all degrees and separations, had filled in the picture for any literate four-year-old.

Donkless was cleared up for me at a relatively early period, through the researches of a fellow-patriot. Naturally it never occurred to any of us in school to ask the teacher what it meant. Miss Newby was amiable, but in her testier moments could turn blue litmus red without even going down the hall to the older kids' chemistry room. We had no way of knowing whether asking about Wolfe's donkless situation might not light one of those fuses that seemed to send so many of our public-school teachers soaring towards the ceiling, whistling like a jet. Fortunately we never had to ask her: one day in church, under excellent auspices, an older boy happened to come to The Maple Leaf Forever in a songbook somebody had left in the rack.

On Sundays it was the custom for the older boys, having exuded every drop of piety earlier at Sunday school — where they variously ran the magic lantern, took up and counted the collection, or performed any other little office calculated to keep them out of the classrooms — to sit in the back rows of the gallery during the regular church service. There they were very quiet, and their modest demeanor, marked by downcast eyes, was frequently praised from the pulpit as a shining example to one and all. As a special treat, smaller boys were often permitted by their parents to sit with the older ones in the gallery. And it was a treat, because what we all did up there (a shade closer to heaven than the rest of the congregation, as one sentimental visiting preacher put it) was read the week's supply of penny dreadfuls. It was on an occasion when the supply of papers gave out, in the face of an unconscionably long sermon, that one of the boys, having in sheer desperation flipped through everything in the book rack, turned up for me the word dauntless.

At first it made me little the wiser, for a dauntless Wolfe presented no clearer picture than a donkless one. But dauntless kept popping up in the penny dreadfuls, and thanks to several weeks of assiduous churchgoing, backed up by sufficient respectability to win me permission to sit with the older boys fairly frequently, its meaning began to sink in. The whole episode, from first to last, has often appealed to me as a convincing demonstration of the value of the church habit, though I have not yet figured out a way of using it against my own children. However, I am still in a strong strategic position to handle donkless. ★



Old wood carving by Jean Baptiste Coté renowned Canadian artist.

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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEST BET **THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS** Dorothy McGuire (right) and Robert Preston are a married couple plagued by a number of honestly observed domestic problems in a long but interesting drama adapted from William Inge's Broadway play. The wife's nosy and garrulous sister (Eve Arden) blunderingly adds to the tensions, but even she is gradually disclosed as a human individual rather than a cartoon. The locale, vividly projected, is a small town in Oklahoma in the 1920s.

CAGE OF EVIL: Nursing a grudge against the authorities because he believes he is overdue for a promotion, a big-town police detective (Ronald Foster) becomes a thief and killer after teaming up with a blonde from the underworld (Pat Blair). Rating: fair.

HOUSE OF USHER: A celebrated short story by Edgar Allan Poe has been considerably changed and expanded in its transition to the screen. It emerges nonetheless as a horror film better than the recent average in that department, if only because it avoids the usual tongue-in-cheek treatment. Buried alive while in a cataleptic trance, a doomed beauty (Myrna Fahey) goes mad in the coffin and breaks loose to wreak vengeance on her brother (Vincent Price).

JUNGLE CAT: The latest in Walt Disney's wildlife documentaries has the rain forests of Brazil as its setting and the jaguar as its fascinating hero-villain. Anteaters, boa constrictors and other seldom-seen creatures are also revealed in startling close-ups. The spoken commentary is laudably free of the coy whimsies that marred some of the film's predecessors in the series.

LET'S MAKE LOVE: Most of its musical numbers are letdowns but there is a generous amount of entertainment in this overlong Hollywood comedy. France's Yves Montand is charming as a billionaire bachelor who, posing as a jewel salesman and amateur actor, begins courting an off-Broadway cutie (Marilyn Monroe). The skilled cast includes Tony Randall as one of the rich man's PR advisers and Wilfrid Hyde White as his foxy financial wizard.

THE NIGHT FIGHTERS: Hollywood's Robert Mitchum sometimes seems more Irish than the natives in an earnest but confused drama about anti-British activities on the Ould Sod during the early stages of the Hitler war. Rating: fair.

SERIOUS CHARGE: A bachelor clergyman (Anthony Quayle) is falsely accused of a homosexual attack on a teenage boy, and soon learns that mob psychology simmers under the surface of the starchy English community he has been trying to serve. With Sarah Churchill, Andrew Ray, Irene Browne. Rating: good.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

The Apartment: Romantic comedy-drama. Excellent.
The Bellboy: Jerry Lewis farce. Poor.
Brides of Dracula: Horror. Fair.
College Confidential: Drama. Poor.
Elmer Gantry: Comedy-drama. Excellent.
For the Love of Mike: Boy-and-horse adventure drama. Fair.
From the Terrace: Drama. Fair.
The Fugitive Kind: Drama. Good.
A Generation: Polish drama. Good.
Hell to Eternity: War drama. Fair.
Hiroshima, Mon Amour: French adult drama. Good.
Inherit the Wind: Courtroom drama. Good.
It Started in Naples: Comedy. Fair.
Light Up the Sky: War comedy. Poor.
The Lost World: Science fiction. Fair.
Murder, Inc.: Gangster drama. Good.
Never Let Go: Crime drama. Fair.
Ocean's Eleven: Comedy-drama. Fair.
One Foot in Hell: Western. Fair.
Operation Bullshine: Comedy. Fair.
Oscar Wilde: True-life drama. Good.
Please Turn Over: Comedy. Fair.
Pollyanna: Comedy-drama. Good.
Portrait in Black: Drama. Poor.
Psycho: Hitchcock horror. Good.
The Rat Race: Comedy-drama. Good.
Raymie: Junior adventure. Fair.
Royal Ballet: Dance documentary. Good.
School for Scoundrels: Comedy. Good.
Strangers When We Meet: Drama. Fair.
The Subterraneans: "Beat" drama. Poor.
Swan Lake: Russian ballet. Good.
Time Machine: Science fiction. Fair.
Two-Way Stretch: Comedy. Excellent.
The Unforgiven: Western drama. Good.
Walk Like a Dragon: Western. Fair.
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— Lanier

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Jack McCartan continued from page 29

In regions where the name Gordie Howe brought a blank "Who's he?", they all talked about McCartan

New York, adds, "If our kids had as much free ice as they do in Canada we could have a big amateur program and a Memorial Cup too. Our kids need only two things: ice time and some good tough top sergeants to keep them pointed in the right direction. We've needed somebody like McCartan. If he makes it big, he'll be the leader. But even if he doesn't make it, I don't think it will hurt us too much. The Olympics woke up the country to hockey and there'll be more free ice for the kids this winter. The Olympics made the rink owners realize that hockey will pay for itself if there's enough interest. And we've never had so much interest."

Television is primarily responsible for this interest. During the Olympics an estimated 36,079,000 people (according to the Nielsen ratings) watched the telecast of the U.S.-Russian game on the 200-station CBS network. By comparison, the NHL's game-of-the-week telecasts on Saturday afternoons in the United States last season attracted an estimated average of only 5,000,000 viewers. The Olympic telecast thus introduced hockey to millions of U.S. citizens. For these Americans familiar with the game it shattered an inferiority complex.

Murray (Muzz) Patrick, the general manager of the Rangers, used to smile when his two sons, Dick and Paul, vowed to develop into NHL players despite the lack of organized competition near their home in Connecticut. "Not a chance," Patrick would tell his sons. "U.S. kids can't be hockey players. That's a game for Canadians." After the clinching U.S. Olympic victory over Czechoslovakia, 14-year-old Dick Patrick declared, "Now we can be hockey players. We won the Olympics."

It was that way all over the United States, particularly among millions who had known virtually nothing about hockey. Many of them couldn't appreciate the finesse of the forwards and defensemen but it was easy for them to appraise the goalkeeper on television, especially when he handled his glove like a third baseman who had once rated a tryout with the Washington Senators. In regions where the mention of Maurice Richard or Gordie Howe would have brought blank-faced "Who's he?" comments late last February, all the up-to-date sports fans were talking about Jack McCartan.

Before World War II, when the Yank infiltration was at its peak, comparatively few U.S. sports fans were aware of hockey, much less U.S. hockey players. "At that time," says Massachusetts-born Carl Voss, then a forward with the Chicago Black Hawks and now the NHL referee-in-chief, "about ten percent of the players in the league were U.S.-trained and more were coming. But the war stopped them. Maybe McCartan will start them coming again."

Like McCartan, three of the most successful U.S. players of that era were Minnesota-born goaltenders: Frank Brimsek, Mike Karakas and Sam LoPresti. Brimsek, twice an All-Star for the Boston Bruins, was known as Mister Zero because of his shutout streaks. If his career had not been interrupted by U.S. Coast Guard duty, he might be remembered as the best goaltender of them all. As it is, he is always mentioned with the best. Both Karakas and LoPresti played with Chicago, which has employed more U.S. players than any other NHL team.

If McCartan clicks, general manager Muzz Patrick can thank Bob Dill, a Minnesota-bred former Ranger defenseman. Last October, just before the NHL season opened, the Rangers were in St. Paul for an exhibition game. "Dill told me how many good prospects there were in Minnesota," Patrick says, "and how we should have a scout there to protect our interests. As soon as I hired him, he told me to put McCartan on our negotiation list. I wanted to hold off until McCartan got out of the Army but Dill told me not to wait. I put McCartan on the list."

UMBRELLA FOR A PESSIMIST

I try to save
for a rainy day
To budget my hard-earned gains
But just when I get
a few cents saved,
It rains!

MAUDE RUBIN

The Rangers knew McCartan's box-office value to a team locked in the cellar. Patrick even surrendered to McCartan's demand of $1,000 a game in "expenses" for his amateur trial after the shrewdly advised University of Minnesota alumnus rejected the Rangers' original offer of $200 a game. McCartan won his gamble, raking in a pot of some $5,000 for two weeks' work: $4,000 for his four games plus about $1,000 in television fees.

As it turned out, the Rangers made a wise investment. But at the time it was a quick money deal. Even if McCartan had been riddled by the Detroit Red Wings in his debut, the Rangers sold enough extra tickets for that game to recover their $1,000. During McCartan's four games, all in New York, the Rangers announced an attendance of 48,340, about 10,000 more than had been anticipated with the team mathematically eliminated from the Stanley Cup playoffs. At the accepted NHL average of $2.25 a ticket, the Rangers grossed an extra $22,500 because of McCartan.

Meanwhile the NHL collected an unprecedented pile of U.S. press clippings. By the time the six-foot 195-pound McCartan returned to the U.S. Army at Fort Carson, Colorado (he was playing during the last of his Olympic leave), it seemed that just about everybody knew who he was. But nobody knew how good he was. He had looked bad, as they say in the goaltenders' union, on only one goal of the seven. All McCartan knew

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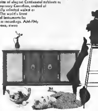

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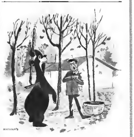
JASPER

By Simpkins



"Let me know when you're through so I can finish raking the leaves"

was that he'd played well in four games. No one knew how well he would play in, say, forty-four games.

"We'll find out this season," says Alf Pike, the Ranger coach, "but I don't think McCartan was a fluke. What I'd like to do is keep both him and Gump Worsley all season." George (Red) Sullivan, the Ranger captain, also seems sold on McCartan. "As far as I'm concerned," Sullivan says, "he's a big league goaltender."

Other Ranger veterans prefer to postpone their decision. "I've seen a lot of guys stand this league on its ear for ten games," says Bill Gadsby, a three-time All-Star defenseman. "Maybe it won't be that way with McCartan, but it's too early to tell." Andy Bathgate, a Hart Trophy winner, points out, "Last season the other clubs were just shooting at him, trying to find a weak spot. They had only one look at him. We were starting to find him out in practice. We'll know how good he is when the other clubs get to know him."

McCartan agrees. Nevertheless he says, "Nothing happened to make me think I was in over my head. I never lost confidence. But don't forget maybe the most important thing, I got great protection."

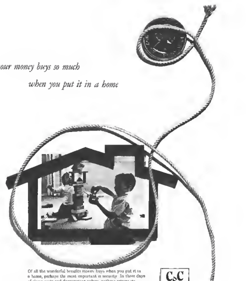
In winning only 14 of their first 62 games last season the listless Rangers seemed dedicated to sabotaging the skills of such established professional goaltenders as Lorne (Gump) Worsley, Marcel Paille and Al Rollins. McCartan's arrival prompted the cynics to snicker, "It's only a publicity stunt to sell tickets." Certainly it was a stunt to melt the Olympic gold medal into box-office silver but there were two unexpected developments. McCartan fooled the cynics with his poised performances, and his presence inspired the Rangers to play better hockey than they had all season.

"One of the big reasons for that," explains a New York confidant of the Ranger players, "is that McCartan was a good guy. He didn't come in with a wise-guy attitude. No matter what they say, the Canadian players think hockey is their game and they resent a U.S. player horning in. But I don't think they resented McCartan because he seemed to fit in."

McCartan also was careful to avoid any mention of the negotiations that resulted in his $1,000 a game for "expenses," easily the highest per-game payment in NHL history. By comparison, Maurice (Rocket) Richard has earned an estimated $25,000 a year with the Montreal Canadiens in recent years. Over a 70-game schedule Richard earned roughly $350 a game, not even half McCartan's "expense account" as an untested amateur.

When McCartan returned to visit his pretty brunette wife Barbara and their now nine-month-old son John in St. Paul after the Olympics, he was met by Ranger scout Bob Dill. McCartan was anxious to join the Rangers at almost any price but Johnny Mariucci, the one-time Black Hawk defenseman who coached him at the University of Minnesota, convinced him that he shouldn't sign a pro contract immediately. "If you're good," Mariucci advised him, "you can get a lot more than the $7,000 NHL minimum next season. For now, ask for $1,000 a game and stay amateur. When Muzz Patrick calls, tell him you want $1,000 a game. Don't back down. You'll get it."

After two days of negotiations McCartan did get the $1,000-a-game promise. That night he flew to New York. The next morning it was snowing when a taxicab skidded to a stop outside Madison Square Garden. The meter read fifty-five cents. He gave the driver a dollar bill. "Keep it," he said, waving away the change as he stuffed his goaltender's pads under his left arm and grabbed a [illegible]



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Upstairs he spent twenty minutes with Muzz Patrick and Alf Pike. Then he went to the dressing room to meet the other players and get into his pads. After that the merry-go-round started. The newspaper photographers posed him with Pike in the small skating rink on top of the Garden that the Rangers use for practice. Then he was on his own as the players swooped in one by one and shots thudded into his pads.

"He looks okay to me," Muzz Patrick said. "He's got a good glove." Later that afternoon he expanded: "This kid has had the biggest publicity buildup of any player in my time except maybe for Jean Beliveau. But I don't think Beliveau had it so tough when he broke in with Montreal. Every time Beliveau made a mistake, the red light didn't go on. If McCartan makes a mistake it's a goal."

The next Ranger game was a Saturday TV matinee in Chicago. McCartan went along but he didn't play for an obvious reason: visiting NHL teams don't share in the gate receipts. It would have been foolish for the Rangers to have McCartan sell tickets for the Black Hawks.

The next night, however, a near-sellout crowd of 14,028 poured into Madison Square Garden as McCartan strapped on his pads. Near him stood his new roommate Al Rollins, the sometime Toronto and Chicago star who had been brought in from Winnipeg of the Western Hockey League as a stopgap goalie for the injured Gump Worsley. "If I tell you too much about this Detroit club," Rollins told McCartan, "I'll only get you mixed up. Just think about a couple of guys. Howe shoots from anywhere. Watch him every second. Delvecchio has a quick strong shot. That's it, kid. Good luck."

Early in the first period, Gordie Howe swooped in on McCartan. This was what the crowd was waiting for: Man and Superman. But Howe was slightly off balance, and McCartan smothered his shot. He stopped eight more shots by Howe. Only Alex Delvecchio beat him. The Rangers won 3-1.

Throughout the game McCartan appeared to be cool except for a repeated sign of tension. About ten times, when the play was at the other end, he swept his stick on the ice, took off his left glove, picked up some shaved ice and chewed on it.

"It was hot out there," he explained later. "My mouth went dry. I wasn't nervous. I was anxious. But I didn't have to make any hard stops. Anybody could have stood in there. Somebody told me I made 33 saves, but how many did Gadsby and the rest of them make?"

In the Red Wings dressing room their three-time All-Star goaltender Terry Sawchuk didn't seem impressed. "If the Rangers ever checked like that for Worsley, he'd be the All-Star," he snapped. "McCartan didn't have a hard save the whole game. Wait till he goes on the road. He'll find it ain't always this easy."

McCartan didn't, of course, go on the road — except as a spectator. After his second game, a 1-1 tie with Chicago, his place was taken by Al Rollins. When the Rangers returned to New York for a game against Toronto, McCartan had tied the Maple Leafs to a 2-2 tie. By then his leave was almost over. In his finale, a 3-2 loss to Boston, he let in the only "easy" goal of the seven, a fluttering 20-footer by Dick Meissner. It didn't tarnish his reputation, though.

"As far as I'm concerned," said Lynn Patrick, the shrewd general manager of the Bruins, "McCartan is the best goaltender in the league. Four games, seven goals. If I had a choice between him and Worsley, I'd take him. He makes good moves with that glove. You can tell he's a ballplayer."

Baseball was McCartan's game when he was growing up as the son of a Irish salesman in St. Paul. "I've played baseball since I was seven," he says. "My dad was a semi-pro third baseman, and he taught me a lot." As a sophomore third baseman, McCartan batted .438 to lead the University of Minnesota to the 1958 National Collegiate Athletic Association championship. After his graduation in 1958, the Washington Senators invited him to Griffith Stadium for inspection. "McCartan impressed us," recalls Harry (Cookie) Lavagetto, the manager of the Senators, "but he was on his way into the Army and we didn't want to sign him then."

The Army, oddly enough, kept McCartan in hockey. Early in November 1958 he was ordered to report to the University of Minnesota for the tryouts for the U.S. team going to the 1959 world amateur championships in Czechoslovakia. "If I hadn't been in the Army," McCartan says, "I might have given up hockey that winter. When you have a job you can't just take off a few months to play hockey for free. In the Army you do what you're told. And they told me to play hockey."

McCartan learned to skate at nine but didn't play hockey until he was twelve, when one day at a Pee Wee game they needed a goalie and somebody gave me the stick." Later at Marshall High School in St. Paul nobody noticed him because the team, as he remembers, "won only about six games in four years." When he entered the University of Minnesota he was merely another student in an enrollment that fluctuates around the 25,000 mark. "He came in unasked and unknown, with no athletic aid," recalls Johnny Mariucci, "but when he tried out for the freshman team I knew he was a goaltender. Now everybody tells me I discovered him. That's ridiculous. If you look at a guy like McCartan for a week and don't know he's a goaltender, you don't belong in this business."

Although Minnesota was no national collegiate titan, McCartan was a two-time hockey All-American. That resulted in his tryout for the U.S. team and he was one of two goaltenders sent to Prague for the 1958 world championships. Murray Ryman, the freshman coach at Minnesota, handled the squad but the most interested spectator was Jack Riley, the hockey coach at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point. Some time earlier Riley had been appointed the 1960 Olympic coach.

"I never figured on McCartan for the Olympic team," Riley explains now, "because in the three most important games of the world championships Ryman used the other goalie, Don Cooper. Naturally I assumed that McCartan couldn't be too good. Just last winter I found out why Ryman used Cooper. He admitted that McCartan was the better goalie but he thought the team played better in front of Cooper because he needed more protection."

During the original Olympic tryouts early last December, Riley was not yet aware of Ryman's strategy. McCartan was cut. At the time, the two U.S. goaltenders were ex-collegians Larry Palmer and Harry Batchelor. Just before Christmas Riley realized the U.S. hadn't a chance in the Olympics without better goaltending. He invited McCartan to rejoin the squad. "But I still didn't think we could come close to winning the Olympics," Riley says now.

Eventually McCartan established his superiority over Palmer, a second lieutenant who had played for Riley at West Point. At Squaw Valley, with McCartan as goaltender, the U.S. outscored Czechoslovakia and routed Australia to qualify for the championship round. Then the Yanks stopped Sweden and Germany. Against Canada McCartan played his best game, making 39 saves in a thrilling 2-1 upset. Against Russia, he captivated the TV millions with 31 saves in a 3-2 victory. In the final game, again with Czechoslovakia, the U.S. team trailed 4-3 after two periods but rallied to clinch the gold medal 9-4.

"For the six championship games," Riley says, checking his Olympic statistics, "McCartan allowed only 11 goals. He made 134 saves. When I heard that the Rangers were interested in him I knew he'd do okay in the NHL." McCartan proved that in his four games last season with the Rangers. If ever a player had an excuse to act jittery it was McCartan but, except for those occasional mouthfuls of shaved ice in his first game, there was no outward sign of nerves. "The only thing that affected me," he says, "was all the appointments."

As a celebrity McCartan was a natural to appear on television shows, and newsmagazine writers got in line to interview him. One of them, in his eagerness to embellish the facts, insulted McCartan's intelligence. Of his NHL debut against Detroit it was reported that: "... the New York Rangers' rookie goalie flung out his left leg and the puck thunked into it. At the next whistle, a Ranger defenseman skated over to the goalie. 'Nice stop on Gordie Howe,' he said. 'Who the hell is Gordie Howe?' asked goalie Jack McCartan politely."

When McCartan read this, he was ashamed. Most hockey players, immune to an occasional misquote, would ignore the incident with a shrug but McCartan felt obliged to explain. He wrote to Howe and, before leaving the Rangers, gave his letter to trainer Frank Paice to deliver to Howe in Detroit. "I just want you to know," it said in part, "that I never said I didn't know who you were." The letter came as a surprise to Howe, who was unaware of the article, but he was impressed by McCartan's sincerity. Without realizing it, McCartan had obeyed one of the first laws of the goaltenders' union: don't get Gordie Howe mad at you.

Apparently, McCartan is a natural. How many more Yanks like him are on the way? ★

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ON SALE AT LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLY DEALERS

Britain's National Health Service

Continued from page 25

Of course it isn't really free — the estimated cost to the nation for 1959-60 is $2,300 million

bedside manner in soothing a migraine for tempestuous Sophia Loren.

When I filled out temporary resident cards he took the children into the lab where the practice's state-registered nurse, Marion Weiss, does the injections — and a lot of minor surgery. The hypodermic needle was of the ultra-modern spring-and-retract type and the vaccine was injected before the children felt the needle sting. The few routine tears that followed were stilled by gloriously messy black lollipops. The whole small experience was quite unlike the regular calls the children had paid to their Canadian pediatrician — a brilliant young man as chilly and dignified as he was well qualified, in his efficient chrome-and-plastic office. He would have frowned on that black candy.

Some of the general facts about the NHS need to be stated. It is of course not free — the estimated cost for 1959-60 is £819 million ($2,300 million). This will be met by a direct contribution (for instance men 18 and over pay 2/4d — 33 cents — a week, of which 5½d is paid by the employer) that will bring in £110 million, in small part by charges payable for drugs and for such things as elastic stockings and dentures, and in great part by the transfer of £563 million from general taxation revenues. In total the cost of the NHS works out to roughly £16 ($45) a year for each man, woman and child in Great Britain. This means that Britain is spending about 3½ percent of her gross national income on health — about the same she spends on education. That much said, it should be emphasized that full medical care under the NHS is the unqualified right of every Briton whether he has paid a penny or not.

There is no compulsion and little regimentation. Everyone 16 and over can choose his own doctor; a doctor can decline a patient. A patient can phone ahead for an appointment and get it; he can call the doctor to his home if necessary. A patient can call in a doctor who practises entirely outside the NHS or he can become the private patient of a doctor who practises both within and without the service. Machinery is available for patients to register complaints against doctors with the Ministry of Health (complaints average one mild one a day, one serious one a week. If a complaint is found to be justifiable, action is taken by the British Medical Association's disciplinary bodies). Doctors practise in complete clinical and professional freedom but cannot buy or sell their practices and can establish themselves in an area only after consultation with the governing authority.

Seeking a more exact answer to the controversy over doctor-patient relationships, I went into the changing heart of industrial Lancashire. A couple of miles from the grimy centre of Manchester stands the prosaic clump of buildings known as Darbishire House. Once it housed elderly and impecunious gentlewomen under the will of a local philanthropist. It's a long time, though, since gentlewomen lived around Upper Brook Street. It's a crowded labouring and mill area now, where the average income is below the national industrial average of forty dollars a week. In 1954, with help from the Rockefeller Foundation and the Nuffield Trust, the University of Manchester opened Darbishire House as a health centre close to the NHS dream and with special provision for introducing undergraduate GPs to a new concept of their life's work.

As at London's Caversham Centre, four doctors make Darbishire the sole centre of their practice. They are paid normal fees by the university, allowing them to cut down their lists to 2,750 patients (from a theoretical individual maximum of 3,500). All the university's medical undergraduates spend two weeks of their final year at Darbishire sitting in on a resident GP's consultations, accompanying him on his home calls and participating in the bull sessions each morning over the pale mud that the English call coffee.

"You're out of shape ..."

The sparkplug of Darbishire House is Dr. Robert Logan, a highly charged and highly qualified medical scholar whose official title is Reader in Social and Preventive Medicine at the University of Manchester. Logan, half American and half Scottish, has a burning zeal that is as infectious as it is wearying. His many published papers reveal a conception of the job of a GP that, right or wrong, is a generation ahead of the general thinking in corresponding quarters in North America. When I questioned him about possible deterioration in the doctor-patient relationship he pushed an impatient hand through his blond hair and said: "Heavens, you're asking me to put my thinking back at least five years." Logan has spent a total of two years in Canada and many months in the U.S. He was approached to superintend and integrate GP participation in the British Columbia provincial health scheme but refused. He won't say why, but he does say that "Vancouver is just another Inverness."

Continued on page 48

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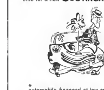

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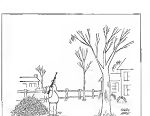

The inference to be taken is that the prevailing attitude in both B.C. government and medical circles is approximately medieval. Logan and Darbishire House attract many official visitors from Canada and the U.S. He tells them all and firmly believes that the North Americans' fear of a deterioration of the doctor-patient relationship under a health service like Britain's is rather like fretting about the passing of sail. "Surely," he says, "it's obvious that the role of the family doctor has changed dramatically since the war — whether there's a health service or not. No one man can pretend to keep up with all the tremendous advances in knowledge. Even assessing the values of every drug of the month in the Reader's Digest is beyond the GP who has perhaps three thousand patients."

Logan is foremost a teacher. "The GP is or should be the integrator of the health service — a specialist in family health care. To the patient the hospital consultant and local-authority services are largely peripheral; they exist to support the general practitioner to provide comprehensive medical care."

Finding himself astride his academic hobbyhorse, Logan leaps off nimbly. "But you Americans are fretting about what happens when a patient comes in and says, 'Doc, I feel lousy.' Right?" Well, at Darbishire they don't even wait for that. For instance every patient aged 60 or over who is on the centre's lists is called in for a general checkup each year whether he asks for it or not. Dr. H. W. Ashworth, one of Darbishire's GPs, last year completed a voluntary five-month study of all his patients in the 45-54 age group. He found seventy patients with symptoms not previously recognized — ten of them of serious significance.

One of the most portentous changes taking place in British medicine occurs long before a fledgling doctor writes his first prescription. In the university medical school, in fieldwork sessions at such centres as Darbishire House, the undergraduate is being taught that the aura of mystery that once surrounded the profession has vanished. The doctor, once a figure of awe, can no longer get "half his pay" in quiet enjoyment of the automatic deference his profession commanded only twenty years ago. An educated public has seen the lay scientist move into medical research with the same success achieved in, say, the atomic field. The wonder drugs, the antibiotics that conquer or control a dozen once-dread diseases, have in the main been developed by men to whom the Oath of Hippocrates is nothing but an interesting historical rigmarole. So the doctor can be viewed more and more as a technician who must simply decide what shot or pill or mechanical repair to order.

Even more than the new squabble over rates of remuneration, changing status of the doctor is the root of what problems exist in the NHS. A young doctor in one of the committee rooms of the huge stone headquarters of the British Medical Association recently stated in all seriousness: "The main trouble with medicine in Britain today is that no one stands up when the doctor comes into the room." Robert Logan summed up the change most vividly for me. "Remember the days not so long ago when the doctor came to the house for Johnny's pneumonia? Dad was obviously deathly sick. The house was in semi-darkness, the kids hushed around, the neighbors gathering at the gate with strained faces. The doctor's black car outside was probably the only one in the street. Inside he alone was calm and purposeful. When the crisis came the doctor was at his patient's side in a personal fight against the specter of death. In the morning the lovely broken sunlight came back into the house, the doctor had won his battle, the housewife, with thankful tears in her eyes, kissed his hands. Easy for the doctor to appear almost godlike. But today? Everybody who can read a newspaper knows that a handful of pills and a few days in bed working out the football pools will probably do the trick."

Acceptance of the change in status, although grudgingly in some quarters, is practically universal and the best of the younger medical brains have been working for ten years now not to fight against the tide but to block out a modern, practical and considerably improved professional role for the family doctor.

Dr. Bruce Cardew, the brilliant present secretary of the Medical Practitioners' Union (established in 1914), says: "As mechanistic values were increasingly accepted in society, so patients began to see their own bodies in mechanical terms. The family doctor's job was to discover which part of the machine was faulty and by surgery or medicine put it right. If he failed, then there were the super mechanics at the hospital who would find the answers. The patient no longer needs a father figure who will dispense placebos and wise advice. He needs an expert and intelligent friend through whom he may come to understand his own troubles. The new role is not an easy one for the family doctor. It demands an ability to listen to and to understand problems as the patient sees them—and a willingness to treat patients as equals."

The term "socialized medicine" annoys the Ministry of Health, the British Medical Association and individual doctors almost equally. In discussing the NHS with at least a hundred people from all classes I never heard the term used. It puzzles Britons that in Canada and the United States ignorance of the NHS is so widespread that opponents of state medicine are still able to suggest the British scheme is in some way politically oriented. "Do you speak of socialized education, socialized police forces, socialized atomic-power stations?" one Englishman asked. No one political party in Britain seriously claims individual credit for the present NHS; all parties have played a part in its evolution, are committed to it and accept it wholeheartedly. Although some sections of the BMA once darkly talked of a strike, it was mainly over money, not principle.

Although the present comprehensive health service has been in operation only twelve years, Britain has in fact had a national health service for forty-seven years — the historic panel system. In 1913 David Lloyd George, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, gathered up the various private group plans started by trade unions and large employers of labor over the previous twenty-five years and introduced the National Health Insurance Scheme. This provided a GP and drug service to medium- and lower-paid workers. Their dependents were not covered. The BMA was actively hostile to that scheme almost as the Canadian and American Medical Associations are hostile today, nearly fifty years later, to the incipient national schemes in North America. The British doctors as individuals, however, accepted the panel scheme in 1913 and made it work satisfactorily. For the first time all doctors had a measure of financial security.

By 1928 the BMA itself was working toward a fully comprehensive health scheme and in 1933 published a study called Essentials of a National Health Service. The obvious approach of war in 1938 brought the country's scattered health services into tighter unity in the Emergency Medical Service. During the war continuous research, often on BMA initiative, resulted in recommendations for a comprehensive national medical service. These in turn were incorporated in the Beveridge Report, which was accepted by Winston Churchill's coalition government of the day. Labor came to power in 1945 under Clement Attlee and, the next year, introduced the National Health Service Bill. Two more years passed before the service was inaugurated. It has been both modified and expanded by the successive Conservative governments of Churchill, Eden and Macmillan.

The figures and tables and graphs that chart the past and present of the NHS would baffle anyone but a mathematician. But the most recent tabulation, in the 346-page report of the Royal Commission on Doctors' and Dentists' Remuneration, at least reveals to the layman that by British standards the doctors are doing very well indeed under

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the NHS This report the culmination of the latest series of wrangles between the doctors and the government over money, has been cheerfully accepted by both sides and its recommendations go into effect some time late this fall It shows that the NHS doctors as a group swamp all other professional men in earning power at the age of 50 — the theoretical peak Consultants — that is specialists working through the hospitals — top the graph with an average £3 400 at 50; general practitioners average £2 400. In the other professions lawyers average £2,200 at 50 professors £1 900 engineers £1 400 architects £1,250 The Manchester Guardian dryly contrasted the quiet reception the report received from the profession with the emotional dispute over pay that led to the appointment of the commission three years earlier

Most of the disputes that remain between the doctors and their employer (to use another term not favored by the profession) lie in the field of providing the public with an even better health service *Progressive* GPs want the maximum list of patients per doctor eventually cut to 2,500 from the current 3 500 without loss of income, to enable them to spend more time with each patient — or rather more time with cases that might repay more reflective study — and to give them more opportunity to keep up with the constantly changing medical scene The national list average is currently only 2 270 though of course this figure represents the United Kingdom as a whole and includes such diverse regions as Birmingham and the Outer Hebrides.

The critical observer soon becomes aware, however that with money problems settled for the time being the doctors as a profession could be pushing much harder for major improvements in the service. They could for instance, be hammering the government for more funds to build hospitals Only one general hospital has been opened in Britain since the war, although several hospitals have added wings The government pleads poverty at a time when general prosperity is the first and major impression the overseas visitor receives in Britain Huge buildings some of them government offices are rising all over London and even 10 Downing Street is getting a £500 000 facelift. The Macmillan government is spending only £30 million a year on hospital construction, the Labor party is committed (if elected) to spending £50 million a year; and the Medical Practitioners Union (an affiliate of the Trades Union Congress) is pressing for £75 million a year Even a brief tour of Britain's crowded antiquated hospitals should convince anyone that only an all out building drive would bring the accommodation up to modern standards.

What does the man in the street think about the NHS? For several weeks I raised this question relentlessly with waitresses real-estate men barmen white-collar workers, bus conductors, housewives, farmers taxi drivers, shop clerks, retired army officers and one busy baron who writes chamber music on the side The answers were overwhelmingly favorable "Ay they're doin' a grand job for us folk" said a middle-aged porter while rolling a cigarette on Manchester's Victoria Station His wife died eighteen months ago after a long illness, and his married daughter had had a difficult time with her first child It would be tedious to print all the verbatims on this theme Two criticisms were voiced several times, usually as riders to general approval of the scheme The first, and more frequent, was that the doctors were too busy to give all the time that the patient felt his case required To anyone who said this, I put a further question "Do you think you would have been better looked after in the long run if you'd been paying the doctor's bill straight from your pocket?" Most said "no" after reflection but many of them still seemed to feel they had at times been hurried through a most important occasion A taxi driver in Maidenhead thirty years of age was vehement about his preference for the private-pay system Yet since he was a working-class boy of eighteen when the NHS began, it's unlikely he'd had any personal experience of paying his own doctor

In my haphazard poll I found only two people who shunned the NHS In the country as a whole 97 percent of the population are registered with the service Six hundred doctors have stayed outside the scheme (in the NHS at last official count 23 080 GPs, 7 633 specialists and nearly all dentists and chemists)

One holdout was the editor and owner of a prosperous trade journal Sitting over a lager in the dining car of the Comet express from the Midlands he wagged a gentle finger at me "When I'm sick I want my doctor to come at once and to devote his whole mind to my illness. If I go into hospital I want to be sure that the best man in the business wields the knife And I'm prepared to pay for it" My other holdout was a London clubman "I wouldn't be found dead at the panel doctor's old chap."

How valid are these criticisms of the NHS? What about the assembly line? At Darbishire House, the GPs handle a daily average of thirty patients each during their two two-hour "surgery" stints — that is, a new patient every eight minutes They also average eight house calls a day Telephone calls average thirteen a day in office hours What about the GP as a simple signpost to the hospital? The four Darbishire GPs vary in their referral rates to hospital outpatient clinics from 145 referrals per 1 000 patients to 71 Their hospital inpatient rates vary from 63 per 1 000 patients to 47 What happens at the hospitals? In most cases a patient referred to hospital is examined by the staff doctor on duty and if surgery is necessary operated on by the surgeon specialist in the appropriate category who is on duty that day Many National Health Service GPs though fully aware of hospital duty rosters can arrange for their patient to be operated on by a certain admired surgeon simply by admitting the patient to hospital on the right day All emergency (or "hot") surgery is naturally performed immediately whether the patient is a normal NHS referral or the titled patient of Harley Street's most famous private consultant An NHS patient needing "cold" surgery — say the repair of an old rupture — might have to wait months for a hospital bed the private patient is likely to be admitted at his pleasure since most participating hospitals retain a small number of beds for private patients.

"A new sense of vocation"

For a Canadian reporter conditioned by articles in the Canadian and U S daily press about seething troubles in Britain's health scheme the most frustrating task is trying to root out these troubles and get them down on paper Even the *Fellowship for Freedom in Medicine* — the watchdog group set up in 1948 by the royal physician Lord Horder — has no burning quarrel with the NHS today

More than three years ago Dr J Leslie MacCallum a leading Fellowship member, told an American audience "A new sense of vocation in the profession has grown up which may replace the sense of vocation which we feared or many of us feared was being lost or stultified by a government-run medical scheme ... I find that the family doctor can call on so many different services that his power to help his patient is infinitely increased" The forty-one-year-old MacCallum who practises in a two-man partnership in London's cosmopolitan Bloomsbury believes today that not one percent of British doctors would turn the clock back to the days when medicine was free of all state subsidies He would prefer the GP to retain control of his patient after the patient's admission to hospital rather than passing him completely into the hands of the hospital specialist — a plea often made by GPs who are otherwise wholehearted in their support of the NHS He feels that doctors *have* lost "an abstract something" simply through their association with the state scheme — but not necessarily anything that results in worse care for their patients The Fellowship's earlier fears that bureaucrats would stick their noses into the doctor's surgery — Lord Horder liked to refer to the "triumph of the machine" — have been allayed over the years.

MacCallum's location in Bloomsbury brings him each summer a constant stream of tourists many of whom are delighted at the prospect of getting old ills cured for free He cannot (and would not) refuse treatment under the NHS to anyone who falls sick or is injured, but he bleeds internally at the thought of the British taxpayer's being mulcted by comparatively well-to-do visitors Australians and Americans are the worst offenders, he finds One Australian in England for three weeks this summer cheekily demanded a medical checkup a set of dentures and a pair of spectacles (Under the NHS, false teeth and glasses are supplied at less than half cost) MacCallum sought a ruling from the Ministry of Health and was told that a temporary resident did not qualify for the treatment sought Visitors are expected to pay as private patients They may be *expected* to pay but thousands don't The act is almost impossible to police — if a Canadian tourist complains of a sudden bellyache and is found to have a peptic ulcer it's a lot easier probably a lot cheaper and certainly more humane to fix the thing up than to argue the matter

Among the many changes made in the British way of life by "free" medicine can be added a new luxury — the Harley Street indulgence It works this way A registered NHS patient perhaps in his middle years, finds himself wondering if his NHS doctor is really up on the latest medical discoveries Finally on his own initiative he gets an appointment for a checkup with one of London's eminent and expensive private specialists. Pamela Clarkson wife of a newspaper editor gave herself this treat recently She bought a hat for the occasion I asked if she learned anything that her NHS doctor hadn't told her

"Not a damn thing" she said "And it cost £20 But I enjoyed it thoroughly" ★

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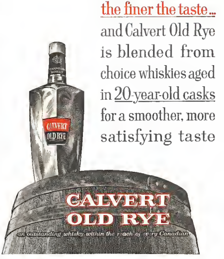
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Epitaph on a small fleet: the brave corvettes

continued from page 31

"I do not like whaler," Churchill said. "They are not going to catch whales." They became corvettes

lessentials of the U-boat arm. The exploits of the corvettes were rarely spectacular, almost never heroic. The little ships were the sheepdogs of the sea, shepherding convoys and doggedly matching their brief acquaintance with war against a ruthless enemy wherever he could be found: in the Caribbean, the English Channel or the Mediterranean.

But it was in the Battle of the Atlantic, the most protracted and bitterly fought campaign ever waged at sea, that their crews, many seeing an ocean for the first time from a corvette's deck, would be welded into finely tempered, decisive instruments of war. On this battlefield "Canadian" and "corvette" became almost synonymous. They created lasting legends of courage and endurance.

The name corvette was introduced by the French in the early eighteenth century to describe a fast, three-masted, barque-rigged man-o'-war with a single tier of guns on either side of a flush deck. Other maritime powers, Britain included, borrowed the name and the design for inclusion in their own fleets.

The advent of iron ships and steam engines in the late 1800s rendered corvettes obsolete and they were replaced in fleet orders-of-battle by the first cruisers. (By coincidence the first warship ever owned by Canada was the last of the British corvettes — HMS Charybdis, acquired from the Royal Navy in 1880 as a training ship.)

In 1915 William Reed, a designer from Smith's Dock Company in Middlesbrough, Yorkshire, reported to the Admiralty that he had worked out a whaler that might be useful in catching submarines. When the Admiralty responded Reed was 24 years older. He was summoned to Whitehall in February 1939 to discuss submarine chasers that would be smaller than destroyers ("which cost too much and take too long to build") but larger than trawlers ("too slow"). Reed suggested the conversion of the 900-ton whaler Southern Pride, whose diesel engine was capable of producing 16 knots. In July the Admiralty approved a modified design of the Southern Pride.

At the outbreak of war in September the RCN, consisting of thirteen ships and fewer than 2,000 men, was in no position to defend Canada's coastal waters. Ottawa decided to follow Britain's example of putting Reed's design into production and a construction program for 64 whalers was approved in February 1940 —the month in which Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, issued a memorandum to his subordinates saying, "I do not like the word 'whaler' which is an entire misnomer as they are not going to catch whales. I should like some suggestions about this." When the name corvette was submitted he was captivated by the Nelsonic flavor of it. A few days later the Admiralty substituted corvette for whaler.

For most of the twelve Canadian shipbuilders who undertook to complete 28 corvettes by the end of 1940 and 36 in the following year, contracts of this nature were a new experience. Added to an acute labor shortage was the regularity with which armaments ordered from Britain were being lost in the Atlantic. At the end of 1940 only 14 of that year's 28 corvettes were ready for commissioning. However, there were to be no more delays. Canadian shipyards caught up with delivery schedules in 1941.

The grand positioning of forces for the Atlantic battle took place in the summer of 1941. With the eastern areas made untenable by improved British defenses, the U-boats moved westward into the Atlantic deepfield where the escort chain was weak. In June 25 U-boats were on patrol south of Greenland and east of Newfoundland.

To meet this threat refueling bases were established in Iceland and the first Canadian corvettes were moved from Halifax to St. John's, Newfoundland — about 600 miles closer to Britain. When the corvettes Chambly, Collingwood, Kenogami, Agassiz, Alberni, Orillia and Wetaskiwin arrived at St. John's in June, the Newfoundland Escort Force was officially born and "Newfie" became an integral part of the corvette story. For thousands of Canadian sailors Newfie would mean home for the next four years. The western Atlantic became a Canadian domain, with the RCN responsible for the safety of convoys between Newfie and the mid-ocean meeting point south of Iceland where British ships took over.

Commander James Douglas Prentice, captain of Chambly, was one of the most colorful officers to serve in corvettes. Son of a former British Columbia cabinet minister, he had retired from the Royal Navy in 1934 to manage his ranch in the Cariboo country where, because he was seldom seen without stetson, riding breeches and monocle, he was widely known as the Monocled Cowboy. In 1939, at 41, he returned to sea with the Canadian Navy.

"The enemy," he told his officers, "is not destroyed in war by untrained ships." To the disgust of officers and men alike he proceeded to ensure that Chambly was a trained ship.

While exercising off Newfie on September 3, 1941, with the newly commissioned corvette Moose Jaw, he received an urgent signal from the Commodore Commanding Newfoundland Force instructing both corvettes to steam at full speed to support convoy SC-42, then being threatened by a U-boat wolf pack south of Greenland.

Commander Prentice grinned at Lieutenant Edward T. Simmons, his first lieutenant. "When we get there we'll not have to worry about the convoy," he said. "Our job will be to find the enemy and kill him."

Ted Simmons, a slim, fair-haired young British Columbian whose previous sea experience was limited to an occasional weekend aboard a yacht, was not impressed by his captain's good humor.

As first lieutenant he was bearing the brunt of the crew's dislike of tedious exercising. Tempers became unpredictable when 120 men were cramped in quarters designed for 90. They had to sling their hammocks wherever there was space — and it was always wet. With every pitch the corvette shipped water, which seeped through the messdecks, into the galley and the wardroom. Added to this discomfort was the misery of sleeplessness and sickness.

The convoy they were racing to help consisted of 64 ships spread over 25 square miles of ocean. Sweeping ahead was the destroyer Skeena; astern and on either beam were the corvettes Orillia, Kenogami and Alberni — too weak an escort to prevent a determined attack.

At dusk on September 6 a torpedo swept down Kenogami's starboard side and the attack had begun.

In the first 24 hours the enemy destroyed ten merchant ships without loss to himself. On the evening of the 7th Chambly and Moose Jaw crossed the convoy's line of advance ten miles ahead of it, turned to sweep toward the leading ships, and Chambly's asdic operator reported: "Echo bearing 020 degrees. Range 700 yards. Submarine contact."

Commander Prentice gave his orders quietly. "Tell Moose Jaw we're attacking. . . . Full speed ahead. . . . Stand by depth charges." The corvette vibrated wildly as she gathered speed and ran over the target. Six depth charges tumbled down toward the hidden enemy and seconds later the ocean surface quivered under the shock of a series of crackling roars.

Two hundred feet below, U 501 listed heavily, her crew sprawled across the decks. Steam filled the control room and from the battery room came an alarmed shout: "Chlorine gas. We've got to go up."

The U-boat surfaced 400 yards from Moose Jaw, which increased speed to ram. The Germans, crowded on U 501's deck, were so alarmed at the sight of the corvette's sharp bows bearing swiftly down on them that they jumped overboard. With the enemy no longer able to escape Moose Jaw swerved away, her stern swinging around to brush against the U-boat's conning tower. The German commander took the opportunity to leap lightly across to the corvette's quarterdeck, deserting his ship without getting his feet wet.

Chambly lowered a boat and sent away a boarding party under Lieutenant Simmons to prevent scuttling and take the U-boat prize. Leaving his men on U 501's deck, Simmons, accompanied by Stoker William Brown of Toronto, climbed to the conning tower and beckoned at two Germans to lead the way inside to close the seacocks. They refused and as Simmons turned to clamber down alone there was a quick shout from Brown. The first lieutenant swung about, glimpsed an upraised arm holding a huge monkey wrench and hit the German on the jaw, knocking him overboard.

Brown vanished inside the U-boat and Simmons, trying to follow, was caught in the hatchway by his Mae West life belt. By the time he was free, water was pouring into the submarine and chlorine was seeping out. He realized the Germans had scuttled their ship and that it would be seconds only before she sank. He shouted to his boarding party to abandon ship. As he heaved himself back to the conning tower, U 501 rolled on her side and sank below the surface.

Ted Simmons, who today lives in Toronto as president of the Distillers Company (Canada) Ltd, told me what it is like to be taken down by a ship at sea.

"I hardly knew what was happening," he said. "The German I hit was never seen again, and once I realized that the U-boat was sinking I had just enough time to order the boarding party overboard. The next thing I remember was being dragged under the water.

"I struggled to get clear of the conning tower rigging and floundered about trying desperately to reach the surface. There was no sensation of being sucked under, just a hopeless feeling of not being able to fight out. I forgot my Mae West completely. When I did reach the surface I popped out like a champagne cork. Obviously I had gone down quite a way and had worked up a bit of speed in my struggles. I was almost alongside our lifeboat, which had already picked up our boys and some Germans."

The stoker was trapped

It was not until he had returned to Chambly that Simmons noticed the absence of Stoker Brown. Despite the gas and inrushing water the stoker had persisted in trying to carry out his orders to find and close the seacocks. Unable to return to the conning tower in time, he had been taken down with U 501.

Any resentment Chambly's crew held against their captain for his insistence upon training evaporated. He had proved his point by making them the first Canadian corvette to sink a U-boat.

During the remainder of 1941 the Canadian Navy grew to 20,000 men. Of the 12,000 then at sea most were serving in corvettes — on coastal defense patrols off the west coast and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and with the Halifax-based escort forces that guarded convoys traveling between the United States and Newfoundland. By December of that year all 64 corvettes ordered were in commission; 60 more were ordered for the next two years.

Forty corvettes, divided into seven groups, were based at St. John's. Evidence of the enemy's mounting respect for their fighting efficiency appeared in a Zurich newspaper report from Berlin. It quoted U-boat commanders as "boiling with rage at being unable to attack as often as in earlier days owing to increased convoy protection by corvettes."

Their winter voyages were made in the icy northern darkness of the Atlantic, adding to the strain of constant vigilance the certain knowledge that survivors of a sinking ship would freeze to death within five minutes of jumping overboard.

Mountainous seas crashing against slender steel hulls made life in the engine rooms a series of frightening alarms. The engineers, many of them recruited from CNR and CPR locomotives because corvette engines operated on the same piston-engine principle, were always conscious of the appalling devastation that would follow a torpedo hit — above their heads.

Fogs in the Grand Banks were disliked even more than Atlantic gales. On December 7, 1941, just before news of the attack on Pearl Harbor, a freighter loomed out of one such fog, reared high above Windflower and cut through into her engine room. The corvette that had defied enemy-infested waters with a wooden gun eleven months before died tragically without ever using her real one. Her

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boilers burst, spreading scalding steam over the wounded and she sank with a loss of 60 men.

In February 1942 the eastern refueling terminal was changed from Iceland to Londonderry in Northern Ireland and the famous Newfie-Derry run became an ocean highway fenced in by Canadian corvettes.

The corvette Spikenard led the first Newfie group on this run with convoy SC-67. For more than a week the only enemy was the weather. But on the 10th, Spikenard, hidden from the convoy by heavy squalls, was torpedoed. She sank so quickly that it was not until the convoy reached the wreckage and the eight men who survived that her loss was discovered.

From such tragedies and triumphs, from such a heterogeneous assembly of ships and men, there emerged a peculiar corvette character — a small-ship man, careless of discipline, contemptuous of pomp, heedless of gold braid, an amateur warrior with unexpected skill.

The esprit de corps expressed itself in the ships, with their self-designed crests — Moose Jaw displaying a fire-belching moose in hot pursuit of Hitler, Calgary with a cowboy riding a bucking corvette, and Galt showing a corvette spanking a U-boat.

It was vividly apparent at sea on such occasions as the signal from one corvette to another in the middle of a hurricane: "Have just seen down your funnel. Fire is burning brightly," or again during a night attack when a corvette fired star shell at a dark shape and reported to the senior ship: "Am illuminating enemy." The senior ship replied: "That's me." It was evident too when a British destroyer leaving a Canadian corvette in charge of a convoy signaled: "Good luck." She received the reply: "Thanks. Actually, we rely on skill."

Nor was this new spirit missing ashore where an ancient garret in St. John's was officially called the Seagoing Officers Club but always known as the Crow's Nest. In this trophy-filled sanctuary tensions were relaxed in floods of reminiscences and ladies were admitted on Tuesday evenings "provided they do not clutter up the bar."

In the summer of 1942 merchant ship losses in the Caribbean began to match those in the Atlantic and the Canadian corvettes followed the trend of battle. On August 28 Oakville, commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Clarence Aubrey King, a British Columbian who had served with the Royal Navy in the First World War, was directed by an American aircraft to a position off Haiti where a U-boat had been seen to crash-dive.

Oakville's asdic quickly gained contact and King attacked at full speed. The first pattern of depth charges jammed U-94's hydroplanes in a downward position, sending her to the surface. When her bows reared high out of the water King threw his cap in the air, ordered his guns to open fire and raced in to ram the enemy.

The corvette crashed into the U-boat's afterdeck, pulled astern, turned full circle and rammed a second time. On her foredeck a boarding party under Sub-Lieutenant Harold Lawrence of Halifax was ready to leap across to the U-boat.

Only Lawrence and Stoker Petty Officer Arthur Powell of Timmins, Ontario, had time to make the jump. They landed on U-94's foredeck, brandishing revolvers. Oakville drew clear, leaving them alone aboard a submarine filled with 54 Germans.

In Ottawa, where he is now a lieutenant-commander attached to naval headquarters, Harold Lawrence told me:

"When some Germans came out of the escape hatch and started shooting we felt pretty naked. We returned their fire, killed two of them and told a third to jump overboard as we didn't fancy the idea of his getting behind us. He refused so I knocked him overboard anyway. The rest were pretty excited about this but they stayed below where we wanted them. They could hardly scuttle the ship if they couldn't get out.

"I left Powell on deck and went below myself. The sub had settled lower in the water. When she rolled the conning tower went under and water poured down the hatchway on top of me. I thought: Hell, my gun's wet, and pulled the trigger to see if it worked. It did and the Germans thought I had given some sort of signal to sink the boat. They bolted up on deck, ignored Powell and dived overboard.

"I made a thorough check of the upper levels but the lower decks were completely flooded and chlorine gas was seeping from the batteries. She lurched alarmingly and Powell yelled down something about a time bomb. I went back on deck and found him in sole possession, with the Germans all swimming for Oakville. We followed, slightly worried about sharks supposed to be around. A few minutes later the sub's bows reared up and she slid stern first out of sight."

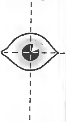
News of Oakville's success in the Caribbean coincided with the arrival of sixteen Canadian corvettes in the Mediterranean to take part in the North African landings. They had some difficulty in adapting themselves to a new battlefield occupied by German and Italian U-boats employing unfamiliar tactics. One corvette, hearing propeller noises on her asdic loudspeaker and thinking it might be a U-boat running at periscope depth, tried to ram a passing torpedo. Another dropped unprimed depth charges during an attack, received a blistering signal from a British destroyer and replied: "Very sorry. Please remember I'm only a poor bloody stockbroker."

On January 13, 1943, Ville de Québec picked up a promising asdic contact while escorting a convoy off Algiers. She dropped an exploratory pattern of depth charges and to her astonishment a U-boat broke surface. She promptly rammed and there were no enemy survivors from an action that lasted less than ten minutes.

A week later the corvette Port Arthur was escorting another coastal convoy in the same area and her captain, Lieutenant-Commander Ted Simmons, promoted and decorated since leaving Chambly, was finding it difficult to control his laughter. A fair wind was blowing from astern and smoke pouring from the funnel enveloped the crow's nest where a new recruit from Saskatchewan was on lookout. A few minutes earlier the lookout had shouted down to the bridge, beckoned at his captain and demanded: "Hey, you in charge. Can't you turn this bloody boat round and point in the other direction? How d'you expect me to see anything with this smoke and soot half blinding me?"

The asdic operator brought Simmons' amusement to an abrupt end with a report of a definite contact. Port Arthur delivered two well-placed attacks on the Italian submarine Tritone, damaging her high-pressure air system and forcing her to surface with what air remained in her tanks. Only 21 of the Italian crew managed to get clear before she capsized and sank.

By mid-1943 the Allies were winning the Battle of the Atlantic. The enemy was being destroyed faster than he could



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sink merchant ships, and accelerated construction programs in Canada and Britain produced corvettes in increasing numbers, some so improved and enlarged that they were called frigates. Aircraft spanned the Atlantic deepfield and there was nowhere for the enemy to hide.

Nineteen Canadian corvettes were withdrawn from the Newfie-Derry run, given prolonged and intensive refits and then sent to England to join the gathering invasion forces. After D-day they patrolled the French coast, beating off ineffectual attacks by a weakened U-boat arm.

More than a hundred corvettes remained on the Atlantic convoy routes, their culminating triumph being the unmolested passage in July 1944 of the largest convoy ever assembled — HXS 300, consisting of 167 ships, under an all-Canadian escort.

In four years the Canadian Navy sank 27 U-boats, 15 of them by corvettes. It provided protection for 25,343 merchant ship voyages across the Atlantic and ensured the safe arrival in Britain of 181,643,180 tons of war supplies. More than 1,700 Canadian sailors lost their lives, many of them in the 10 corvettes sunk by the enemy.

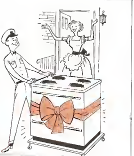
In 1945 many thousand Canadians returned home from the sea. They left behind in naval dockyards row upon row of rusting corvettes, battle-scarred, empty and lifeless without their crews. To the Canadian taxpayer they represented an investment of nearly $75,000,000. On the principle that what has served once can always be made to serve again, the War Assets Corporation in Ottawa put the corvettes up for sale.

Some went to the Chinese Nationalists and were later incorporated into the Red Chinese forces; others were sold to Israel, Chile, Venezuela, Haiti and the Dominican Republic. HMCS Hespeler, which helped to destroy U-484 in September 1944, had her face lifted by Home Lines and now sails the Ægean Sea as the pleasure cruiser Stella Maris. Where there were once depth charges there are now deck chairs; where there was once a 4-inch gun there is now a swimming pool.

Others have been converted into tugs and coasters and still sail the east and west coasts. But most of the originals were sold as scrap to such companies as the Steel Company of Canada in Hamilton. Only HMCS Sackville, veteran of innumerable convoy battles, remains in service; she is now a radar and hydrographic survey ship.

There is no room in an age of atomic submarines for William Reed's whaler. But modern submarine chasers conform to his principles of "rapid acceleration, maneuverability and seaworthiness." Their function is the same — to seek out and destroy the underwater enemy. For that reason the legacy of the Canadian corvettes is an enduring foundation stone upon which the Navy of the future can be — and is being — built ★

Many Happy Returns come from the



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The brightening outlook for childless couples

Continued from page 28

Many couples think they want a child, when it's something else they're really after. An American doctor recently made a list of the answers his female patients gave to his question, "Why do you want a baby?" They included such reasons as "Because my husband wants one," "Because our marriage is breaking up," "So we can inherit an aunt's estate," "To carry on our business" and "My mother-in-law keeps bugging me for grandchildren."

Many a lonely wife yearns for a child "to be my very own." An official in a Canadian adoption agency recently interviewed a prospective client who turned up in tears on her way home from a funeral and begged for a child "so I will have somebody to put flowers on my grave when I die." A Toronto doctor in private practice recalls among her recent patients a pretty young woman who wanted a baby by the "other man" so her legal husband would agree to a divorce, a strong-minded female who wanted a child just to show she could do it, and a tired middle-aged woman with a congenital heart condition married to an elderly diabetic. Of this last case the doctor says: "No sane physician is going to move heaven and earth to make a sick woman pregnant."

A defense against motherhood

Psychiatrists haven't gone so far as to suggest that a fertile couple can practise effective birth control by simply wishing *not* to have a baby, but some do believe that negative attitudes and unresolved conflicts play a mysterious role in keeping the childless couple childless. Sterility, they explain, can be a defense of a disturbed personality against the experience of pregnancy and motherhood.

In the case of "one-child" sterility, where a woman is able to have a first child but no others, it has been suggested that mother and child have formed such a close and intimate association that everyone else, including her husband, is excluded. Similarly the infertile husband is accused of resenting the intrusion of any third party into the loving circle of himself and his wife.

Gynecologists are generally skeptical of such speculation, but they agree that many childless couples are probably the victims of twentieth-century stress and strain. Dr. Arronet, for instance, suggests that if excessive work, inadequate sleep, too much alcohol and tobacco, too little contentment and constant tension can predispose people to mental illness, gastroenteritis, ulcers and coronaries, it's likely they can also affect man's ability to reproduce. Arronet blames modern materialism for a lot of the trouble. He recalls a childless New Canadian woman married for many years who appeared in his office a couple of years ago and proudly rattled off a list of the furniture and electrical equipment that she and her husband had been able to buy. It soon became evident that they were under considerable strain trying to pay for all their possessions, yet they planned more expensive purchases for the future. Arronet says, "I told her to stop buying things, to go to church more often and

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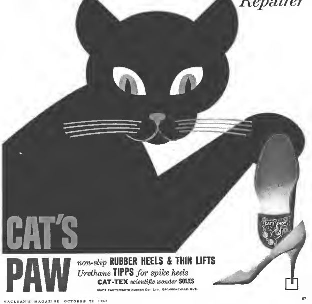

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to spend more time with her sick mother. Above all, I told her to relax. To make sure she did, I prescribed heavy sedation. Three months later she was pregnant."

It's possible that tension is the villain when a man and woman who have been childless for years adopt a child and shortly afterwards the wife becomes pregnant. Gynecologists have their doubts ("Probably would have become pregnant anyway"), but everyone knows somebody who did just that, and it's a fact that roughly ten percent of all the couples who put their names on the adoption list of the Children's Aid Society of Metropolitan Toronto last year withdrew because of a pregnancy in the first few months of their preliminary sessions.

A few years ago two U.S. gynecologists, Dr. C. Lee Buxton of Yale University School of Medicine and Dr. Anna Southam, director of the infertility clinic at the Sloane Hospital for Women in New York, summed up their findings on a group of 1,568 infertile patients. In their book *Human Infertility* they observe: "The rather surprising finding that the greatest number of pregnancies occurred in the first month of investigation implies that *factors other than treatment are important*."

They did not name the mysterious factors but some psychiatrists suggest they include relief from tension which, according to one line of thinking, can induce a tubal spasm during intercourse and thus prevent conception. Many gynecologists scoff at the notion; one recently advised husbands whose wives have tubal spasms during intercourse to relieve their tension with a judicious amount of alcohol preceded by a corsage of her favorite flowers and dinner in her favorite restaurant.

At the Royal Victoria Hospital centre, the value of psychiatric therapy in cases of extreme disturbance is not underestimated, although director Arronet believes that a problem like tension or an uncoordinated sexual relationship is the business of the gynecologist. Many people find it painful and embarrassing to discuss details of their private life with anyone, he points out, even their doctor. The centre operates six days a week and handles about seventy-five new couples a year. Like other clinics in hospitals across the country, it devotes a good deal of time to routine investigation and therapy.

IT'S A FRAME-UP

For lo!
the winter is nigh,
And in split levels
flats and chateaux
The window that wouldn't
stay up all summer
Now refuses
to close

MARGARET STAPLEY

Although some U.S. gynecologists estimate that one of every three infertile couples who undergo treatment can be helped, Arronet feels this figure is high. Of 140 patients treated at the Montreal centre in the past two years, 27 couples (or 19 percent) were able to achieve a pregnancy. In three to five months the centre is usually able to list a couple as fertile, subfertile (requiring surgery or other special treatment) or sterile. "In the last case," says Arronet, "we suggest adoption."

About a third of the couples take his advice. The others apparently are resigned to being childless. Of them, many will become aunts and "uncles" of other people's children. Others will find a creative outlet in charitable work or civic enterprises. Still others, with no inclination to good works, will settle down fairly happily with their gardens, books, or hobbies. As they grow older and see their friends' children marrying and moving off, their pain and frustration will lessen. Among all his patients, Arronet recalls only one case in which the discovery that the husband was sterile led the woman to inaugurate divorce proceedings. Most couples, he believes, have gone through so much together that their love and sympathy enables them to overcome the shock of a hopeless verdict. He has little sympathy for the practice of "letting a couple down easily" — which can leave them high and dry, never knowing what's wrong and going for years from one doctor to another in an endless search for the magic formula that will give them a baby. "People deserve to know the truth," he says.

If anything makes gynecologists unhappy it's the couple who postpone their family until they've bought a home and a car and all their furniture and then turn up seeking help in their late thirties or early forties.

A Toronto doctor says: "At 35, a woman's reproductive powers begin to wane. Even before then there may have to be extensive therapy to either the husband or the wife before a pregnancy can be effected. Couples shouldn't take it for granted that a baby will come along the minute they decide to have it. I strongly urge early diagnosis and treatment."

Dr. Arronet is especially displeased with the physician who tells a couple after one or two cursory examinations: "There's nothing wrong with you. Don't worry. Go home and wait." He says angrily: "They go home and wait, and they come back when it may be too late. Every third couple tells us this story. We have 48 couples on our books right now who have been waiting for a baby for five years or more, and they all fall into this category." In an effort to convince doctors of the importance of early detection and treatment of infertility, the centre recently mailed educational pamphlets to all licensed Quebec doctors and all McGill graduates.

However, according to several medical men I talked to, it's unlikely that much further headway will be made unless more money becomes available for research and improved facilities, including the services of full-time doctors and postgraduate students. A Toronto gynecologist told me: "We need somebody up here in Canada who's prepared to dedicate his life to the study of infertility. Maybe in another ten years I can afford to retire from private practice and take on the job myself."

Even with more money and more doctors, the problem of fully investigating human infertility appears formidable. About twenty years ago an American surgeon performed a hysterectomy on a patient when one of her ova was in the early stage of development. He was thus able to study a fertilized human egg. He made medical history but earned the displeasure of the Roman Catholic church. But generally, research has been largely confined to experiments with animals. Vivisection makes it possible to study such things as newly implanted eggs and the movement of sperm, which may some day cast light on the mysteries of human reproduction. ★

Jack Pickersgill's third contentious life on Parliament Hill

continued from page 21

At ten he was such an ardent Tory that he converted two schoolmates to the cause

important source of cash income in the riding.

The credit for introducing the family allowance law shouldn't really have gone to Pickersgill, but in a typically indirect way he did influence its adoption. The baby bonus was first proposed by government officials in 1941 and resurrected two years later by Pickersgill, then secretary to Mackenzie King, as a suggestion for reviving Liberal fortunes, following the defeat of Ontario's Liberal government and the loss of five federal by-elections. King flatly turned down the idea, because he thought "family allowances would pit Catholic against Protestant, and divide the country." Pickersgill insisted they'd work with such vigor that King, one evening in the library of Laurier House, asked him why he was so noisily in favor of the plan. "That's simple," Pickersgill answered. "If it hadn't been for the allowances paid twenty years ago to the families of veterans killed in World War I, I wouldn't be here now." King made no reply, but his diary entry for that day indicates the exchange did help persuade him to introduce the baby bonus law.

The war allowance that was so important to Pickersgill's life was paid to his family starting in 1920 after his father died of wounds suffered at Passchendaele. The modest government pension was enough to keep the fourteen-year-old Jack in school. But he still had to help run a small lumber business managed by the family to supplement the income from their quarter-section homestead at Ashern, near Lake Manitoba.

Both before and after the death of the senior Pickersgill, politics was the family's main dinner table topic. The father had been a hard-bitten Tory who gave his eldest son the middle name of Whitney after Sir James Pliny Whitney, a Conservative who became premier of Ontario in 1905.

Young Jack grew up such an ardent Tory that at ten he converted to his faith two school chums who happened to be the sons of Ashern's leading Liberals. When the boys in turn tried fumblingly to convert their families, the angry fathers called the elder Pickersgill and demanded that he order his son to give up the schoolyard politicking. "That didn't stop me," Pickersgill recalls. "I swore the boys to secrecy, took them into the woods at lunchtime and instructed them on the evils of giving the franchise to women and the glories of the Conservative party."

Pickersgill's own conversion to Liberalism occurred in the fall of 1926 when, as a University of Manitoba history student, he went to hear Arthur Meighen, then Conservative party leader, speak at the Winnipeg Rink. "I was a Tory when I went in and a Liberal when I came out," he says. "I felt that Meighen was on the wrong side of three issues—racial tolerance, tariffs and colonialism. The Tories had not really accepted the implications of self government; they were reluctant to see Canada become an adult nation." The young student's ideological transformation was further strengthened during his two years of studying nineteenth century history at Oxford on an IODE scholarship. He qualified for two degrees at the end of his studies there, but hadn't enough money to pay his diploma fees. (Pickersgill finally collected one of the degrees in 1953 when he visited Oxford just after the coronation with Louis St. Laurent, who received an honorary degree at the same time.)

"You won't last"—but he did

Pickersgill spent the eight years after his return from Oxford as an obscure lecturer in European history at Wesley College in Winnipeg. When he still hadn't received a salary increase or promotion by 1936, he wrote exams for the External Affairs Department, topping his group, and joined the civil service at $2,280 a year. Mackenzie King was then in the habit of seconding to his office bright young men from the department, and O. D. Skelton, the undersecretary of state, nominated Pickersgill for the job.

"You won't last more than six months," a colleague predicted. "Nobody ever does."

But the posting lasted eleven years and grew into a relationship unique in the history of Canadian politics. As King's main speechwriter, private secretary and general confidant, Pickersgill was closer to the prime minister than any other man in Ottawa. King, as he grew older, found contact with new faces increasingly distasteful and learned to depend more and more on his trusted assistant to maintain touch with the political world. For eleven years Pickersgill lived like an obstetrician with a maternity ward full of nervous patients. He couldn't go on a ten-minute stroll without first checking into the prime minister's private switchboard to see if he might be wanted.

One reason Pickersgill's help was so acceptable to King was the younger man's instant realization of how useless it would be to attempt any alteration of the prime minister's style and vocabulary. "His language," Pickersgill said later, "appeared to have been frozen in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Mr. King didn't like flamboyant phrases. He detested the word 'challenge' and would never use the adjectives 'sober' or 'decent.'" Pickersgill became such an expert in gauging King's reactions that he could point out to other assistants who helped draft paragraphs for the prime minister's speeches exactly which words would be stroked out. "Fundamentally the reason I got along with King," Pickersgill says, "is that I refused to grind axes for people with him and that I never tried to usurp his authority. If he didn't take my advice, I didn't sulk or pester him. I went ahead, even if his decision

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was against my better judgment."

The relationship wasn't always smooth, though.

Pickersgill disagreed privately with King over the conscription issue. "The government should have gone down if necessary rather than accept conscription," he says. "It wasn't worth tearing the country apart for the sake of recruiting sixteen thousand men." The two men quarreled openly during the 1945 meeting in San Francisco that established the United Nations.

Pickersgill had suggested to King that a good way of solving Canada's dilemma over a national flag would be to replace the Union Jack flying on Parliament Hill with the Red Ensign on VE Day, then pass a law adopting it as the official flag. King agreed to hoist the distinctive emblem for VE Day but insisted that Pickersgill tell Ottawa it should be removed the next morning. "If you once put it up, you'll never be able to take it down," Pickersgill snapped irritably at the prime minister. King angrily ordered him to do as he was told, and when after King's death Pickersgill read the diary entry for that day, he found himself referred to as "an impudent upstart."

"Mr. King knew I would take only so much," says Pickersgill. To protect himself Pickersgill maintained his job classification as a foreign service officer, temporarily assigned to the prime minister's office. He admires King, but doubts that the admiration was mutual. "To an extraordinary degree," he says, "Mr. King regarded me as part of the furniture."

His relationship to Louis St. Laurent was vastly different. The obscure fixer of the King era became the grey eminence of Canadian politics under King's successor. When he was sworn into office on November 15, 1948, St. Laurent had spent most of the preceding two years in the politically insulated External Affairs portfolio. He depended on the "special assistant" he had inherited from King for much of the direction on how to operate the prime minister's office. Many political pundits in Ottawa insist that for the first three months of St. Laurent's term at least the country was to an astonishing degree being run by Jack Pickersgill. "I had a very great influence on Mr. St. Laurent," Pickersgill admits. "He had more confidence in me than in any cabinet minister or anyone else." During the 1949 election St. Laurent made a pact that he would commit himself to no appointments or public appearances that weren't cleared with Pickersgill.

Most Canadians first heard of Pickersgill in June 1952, when St. Laurent appointed him secretary to the cabinet and clerk of the Privy Council. The top civil service position in Ottawa, it's a job whose unacknowledged and unpublicized influence on the affairs of the country is profound. It's also a non-political job, which was the reason Pickersgill wanted it—he really hoped to resume the duties of a good grey civil servant. This notion was soon shown to be preposterous, and St. Laurent agreed it might be more useful to have Pickersgill in the cabinet. That meant not only promoting him over the heads of 160 Liberal backbenchers, but also finding a constituency he could win.

This problem was solved by Joey Smallwood, the premier of Newfoundland, who had become friendly with Pickersgill during the negotiations leading up to confederation. In fact at one critical moment it was only Pickersgill's quick thinking that saved the whole project. Mackenzie King had felt that Newfoundland should join Canada only if a substantial majority of her people voted for confederation. The first plebiscite ended in a stalemate. When Pickersgill heard on the morning news that a bare 52 percent had supported union in the second vote, he rushed down to his office and dug up the percentages of the popular vote received by the Liberals in every election under King. At ten o'clock that morning King placed his first daily phone call to Pickersgill. "Well, did you hear the Newfoundland result?" he asked coolly, implying that the vote wasn't high enough to warrant confederation. "Yes. Isn't it wonderful?" Pickersgill shot back gleefully. "Do you realize, sir, that the Newfoundlanders want union with Canada by a considerably higher percentage than Canadians voted for you in any election except 1940?" King, obviously surprised, replied with a grunt, but the plebiscite figures suddenly became acceptable.

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"This is Pickersgill," Joey Smallwood told the voters of Newfoundland. "Isn't that an incredible name?"

When Smallwood first suggested to Pickersgill that he should run in the Newfoundland seat about to be vacated by Gordon Bradley, the secretary of state who was being retired to the Senate, Pickersgill was incredulous. "What kind of harebrained stunt would that be?" he demanded. "You've worked one political miracle in pushing through confederation. How can you now persuade Newfoundlanders that not one of them is good enough to be in the cabinet and that they should vote for an outsider?"

"Don't worry about that," Smallwood assured him. "When I'm through with you, you won't recognize yourself." Pickersgill agreed to run, providing he could limit his electioneering on the island to five days so that he could spend the rest of the campaign at St. Laurent's side. He was appointed secretary of state on June 12, 1953, and a week later opened his brief campaign by sailing into Twillingate aboard the coastal steamer Glenene. The local fishermen saluted him with a blast from thirty sealing guns while on the flag-decked wharf a brass and drum band whacked out the hymn Hold the Fort, For I Am Coming.

Pin-up boy of the outports

Pickersgill found himself hailed more as a hero than a vote-seeker. Smallwood would get up on a platform, point to him and thunder, "This is Pickersgill! Isn't that an incredible name?" Then the premier would lean down and confide to his audience, "You'd better like him despite his name. This is the author of the family allowances ... he's the second most important man in Canada ... some day he'll be prime minister!"

The fishermen plastered Pickersgill's picture on their bedroom walls in the manner of a pin-up boy, nicknamed him Skipperskill, and voted him into the Commons by a 7,500-ballot margin over his Conservative opponent.

Smallwood's assurances that Pickersgill would become prime minister were received less enthusiastically in Ottawa. C. D. Howe, the senior minister in the St. Laurent government, sadly remarked to a reporter: "I don't think the newest member of the cabinet should aspire to leadership right away." In the House of Commons, the Conservatives were delighted that they could finally taunt the man so long dedicated to advising prime ministers on how to keep them out of office. They treated Pickersgill as something of a performing animal. Tory hecklers called him, among other things, "Jumping Jack with springs in his trousers" and "Poor Old Pick," and asserted that he was "deaf in one ear and dumb in the other." Pickersgill didn't help matters by replying to every opposition thrust with a smart-aleck retort. On July 1, 1954, St. Laurent astonished Pickersgill's critics by appointing him to the important and sensitive immigration portfolio.

It's now generally agreed that Pickersgill was an able immigration minister, particularly in his handling of the Hungarian refugees after the rebellion of 1956. But the best remembered legacy of his term in office is the report of a speech he made to a group of Liberals in Victoria that quoted him as saying that no immigrant is as good as a Canadian-born baby. He insists that the Victoria Colonist ripped his words out of context, leaving out his vital qualification that a child born and raised in this country is naturally better adapted to the Canadian way of life than any newcomer. But his denials never did catch up with the original headlines. Pickersgill was condemned by every ethnic group in the country, and one Toronto group of Italians even hanged him in effigy.

Any ambitions for the party leadership that Smallwood's buildup may have inspired in Pickersgill seemed to disappear after his experiences in the immigration portfolio. But he does long passionately for a return to power of the Liberals so that he may once again be in the position of influencing the decisions of Canada's prime minister.

He waits with unconcealed impatience. Most of his pronouncements are outrageously partisan. Just before the 1957 election he declared that the Liberals should be returned to office "not merely for the well-being of Canadians, but for the good of mankind in general."

Pickersgill neatly summed up his ideology earlier this year during a House of Commons debate, when he ended a blast at Conservative fiscal policies by addressing a rhetorical plea to the Speaker. "I am sure," he said, "that this country will survive this government as it survived the last Tory regime. But why, sir, why do we have to suffer these things once in every generation?" ★

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You can so drive to Nicaragua

continued from page 27

We promised to send postcards every day en route, so they'd know where to start looking for us

official said writing hard. They handed me my papers and a map of Guatemala. "We have been instructed to recommend the coast road. All paved. No need to take the train; you can drive all the way. Cross the border at Ciudad Cuauhtémoc, then cross the Sierra to the coast road. They are still blasting on the Inter-American. Go in peace."

"Many gone down that way?"

A roomful of heads turned grave toward me.

At the Honduran consulate I was given my first two-way visa. The three round young men with downy mustaches and dark glasses were charming and helpful. They spread plump palms as they talked about the rest of Central America but Honduras, they said, was paradise for young unmarried women.

"I'm married," I said and I watched the [illegible] reopening of the record book.

The consulate for El Salvador was bustling with beautiful girls and flashing uniforms. I was the only customer.

"Single?" the lovely clerk asked. They gave me a fine map and a booklet. "Roads all paved in El Salvador," they said.

A telegram full of laughter and encouragement arrived from Owen. He wanted to know whether we needed more money.

"We always do," Iona said. "How much have we got?"

"Hundred dollars left. It will take ages getting money through and meanwhile we'll spend the hundred. So let's go."

And so we went, Iona, Oz, the hundred dollars and I, promising our friends to write a card each day till we reached Managua, Nicaragua, so that if the cards stopped they would know where to start looking for us. We wound toward Puebla over the high pine shoulder of Iztaccíhuatl, the 17,343-foot extinct volcano that lies by the side of the even taller Popocatépetl, whose plume of smoke rose gracefully from her snowy crown.

Many hours after dark we reached Oaxaca, the rain streamed down upon our dizzy heads and I had burnt out the brakes.

The two nights and a day we spent in Oaxaca cost us $20 of our hundred and we were given to understand that the prices would soar as we traveled south.

All day we passed through the so-called bandit territory, but, as Iona put it, tourists were not in season for bandits. Through the wildest mountain scenery we drove, meeting nothing but an armadillo or two, and in the afternoon we plunged to sea level where the road runs through marshy-looking flats and mesquite scrub. Indians were at work cutting back the mesquite on the edge of the highway and the cuttings blew from their hands and strewed the road.

After a bit I stopped and protested that my tires were being ruined. The men waved their machetes and laughed at me. "If God wills, you will get punctures without mesquite thorns as well as you would with them."

We passed up to the quaint, crowded little town of Tehuantepec and we three — this includes Oz — strolled through the densely packed market building, slobbering with desire at the mountains of fried fish and gaping at the beautiful women of the district who defy the tramp of tourists and cleave to their ancient costumes: long skirts that sweep circles in the dust about them, low-cut blouses and brilliant rebozos.

We reached San Cristóbal de las Casas just before dark on the eve of market day. For miles and miles as we climbed through the pines to the 8,000-foot high city we had passed gorgeous Indians vastly loaded, trotting townward. Like the Scots of old the various tribes wear their different homespuns. Our favorite tribe wore knee-length white woolen tunics, rope girdled, and flat straw hats with bunches of brilliant ribbons that hang from the crown to waist level. The men of course were the most beautiful. Bachelors let their ribbons dangle free, while the married men have to braid and knot them.

"Let's hunt in the market for a hat like that for Owen," I said to Iona.

"He'd look divine," she said. "The only thing is, as soon as our backs are turned he'd unbraid those ribbons."

There was a flat tire waiting for me next morning. A young Indian passed as I was getting the jack out and said good morning. He turned up a few minutes later and offered to help me.

"Why'd you bother to come back?" I asked.

"Well, certainly not because I enjoy changing wheels. But I said to myself, that's a woman, and who knows whether she understands what she is trying to do. My woman wouldn't, so I came back."

When he had finished I gave him a ride to his job; he was a truck driver for the department of Indian affairs.

Through shining mountain meadows newly freed from night fog we drove down to the Guatemalan border. The Mexican officials were delightful, smartly uniformed and as correct as Canadians. As I was driving away one of them handed me a rabbit's foot. "Here, you'll be needing all the luck you can get over there. Attach that to your St. Christopher. No harm in doubling the power."

With a downward thud the asphalt ended and we were in Guatemala.

I will say that all the dust warnings were no understatements. The dust was the world's worst. It lay along the highway rippling in the wind, satin soft, fine as face powder and a foot deep, so that it was ecstasy to step barefooted into the warm stuff. Bridges were being built everywhere and the detours provided would normally have made me act feminine. As it was, I simply headed the car at the two planks and without a downward glance drove over them.

Pesos were only play money

The town of Huehuetenango, where we intended to buy gas, defies popular belief, information booklets, maps and northern man in that it is by no means situated on the Inter-American highway. The road forked. A signpost read Inter-American and another read Huehuetenango and on that we took off. We found ourselves on a bumpy trail that wound steeply up and down like a death ride. We traveled by feel alone, blinded as we were by dust from rushing native buses, cows, small boys and market women. We nudged all of them, so I gathered that the trail must have been narrow.

Huehuetenango was worth the pain of getting there. A pastel, clean town with well-tended gardens, no garbage and full of clean, well-dressed people, it was unlike Mexico in every way. When I'd taken on gas I offered the attendant 50 pesos, Mexican.

"We don't use that stuff here," the man said.

"But you're right next to the border."

"Take it away. What else have you got?"

So I gave him some U.S. dollars and he went off to change them into quetzales. A band of small boys tumbled round and asked for the Mexican money.

"I thought that stuff was no good here," I said.

"Oh, we can't spend it, we just want to use it for play money." The gas man handed us our change. "If you're heading for Guatemala City, drive over the Sierras to Quezaltenango. The Inter-American is closed for blasting."

"Far?"

"Couple of hours. Good road all the way. After Quezaltenango it's all paved."

We looped back to the Inter-American. Cruising along the fine gravel surface, I thought that by next year all the world and his pal would be pouring through Central America during the dry season. This year there was no one but us and the highway gangs on the road. When we slowed down to cross bridges, or so as not to run over the men as they worked (they never moved a foot out of the way and we had to snake among them), the men leant on their picks and shovels to jeer and cheer, to spell out our licence plates and discuss the Columbia. Here as in Mexico no one ever saw the *British* part of British Columbia. *Colombia* they would pronounce, and after a bit someone would say "How did she get here? Who ever heard of the Inter-American being open to Colombia?" This Colombia business was rather a boon, because while Canadians and Americans were always in line for handouts, no one expected a thing from fellow Latinos.

We came to a fork in the highway and I made a bad decision. I turned off the beautiful, broad, well graded Inter-American and took to the hills, with no better excuse than a notice that read QUEZALTENANGO 45. We inched skyward on a two-rutted trail with a hump in the middle, reflecting that the 45 part of the notice must mean that we would arrive at Quezaltenango in an hour no matter what the road was like. But after an hour of climbing, an hour of the most remarkable performance from our Zephyr, with each switchback bringing the car out into space, we were nowhere near the top

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When at last we reached the top, the road lurched downward at once, and I was forced to ease the car along at an uncomfortable angle in bottom gear. And when at last we reached the bottom the road started up so steeply that for a moment the body of the car hung between two slopes.

"Do check with the map," I said to Iona. "Just what have we come upon?"

"Listen to this," she said, and she read me a little bit about some highway being the steepest in Central America because it climbs from sea level to over ten thousand feet twice in a few miles.

"The best is yet to be," I murmured. "I don't believe we are even on that road. I believe this is a shepherd's trail. No traffic. Come to think of it, no wheel marks either."

Four hours later the trail took an extra downslope and we were bumping over the cobbled streets of a whitewashed town. It was not Quezaltenango. Where, I asked, was Quezaltenango? Oh leagues away, they told me, away there to the east. Many leagues. You'll be there by dark.

Just for the sake of seeing that wonderful little town, probably as the first tourists ever to reach it, I would have driven that wild road all over again. We saw no one but Indians in native dress. Here the women had it over the men in every way. Their long woven and embroidered skirts heavily pleated from the waist were embroidered in peacock and black. More beautiful still were the rebozos woven of wool in the most vivid colors imaginable and rich with embroidery worn sometimes as in Mexico over the head but mostly just thrown over the shoulders. While in Mexico one never sees a bare-headed woman, here it was the rule.

We did not in fact reach Quezaltenango until just before dark and we were surprised at the size of the place. Whereas all spots considered habitable for tourists were marked in red on our map, Quezaltenango — which turned out to be the second largest city in the country — was lettered in black.

The gas men looked at us in amaze, especially when Ou jumped out scattering a cloud. I had forgotten about our dust.

"You will want a hotel?" he said, and strung off a list of names. Iona produced our book of words and asked about the one that was listed.

"Oh, you wouldn't be wanting that," he said. "It's the best hotel in town. You couldn't go there."

"Seems well recommended," I said. "That's where we'll go."

"With such a dog, perhaps they might take you," he sighed.

I must say the hotel clerk seemed pleased when I paid for the room as I signed in. He gazed at our filthy faces in disgust but Ou received a pat and delighted praise. Nice, I thought, if we could shake.

Later, gleaming, we came downstairs dressed in clean skirts and sweaters. The clerk did not know us and demanded to know what we were doing in the hotel. We gave him our room number but he didn't believe us and phoned.

"It's cold," I said agreeably while he was calling our empty room.

"Here it is always very cold. We are high in the mountains."

He let us go at last, and we headed for the market across the square to buy a new water bowl for Ou. Indians were squatting on the streets and the sidewalks selling their wares by candlelight. Into the orange inferno of flickering flame and copper people Ou hurtled, sniffing joyfully chicken livers here, cheese tacos there, being yelled at, slapped, hissed at, exclaimed at, chased and ran away from.

"Like going for a walk with Jayne Mansfield," Iona said. We found a bowl, bright enamel made in Hong Kong.

On our way back we peeped into the cathedral and chatted with a young man who with sleeves rolled was applying cement to a Christmas manger. He told us that the original Quezaltenango had been demolished by an earthquake in 1902.

Later we walled an excellent meal by a roaring log fire, and Ou's new bowl was filled with strange things from the kitchen. We walked on the roof in the moonlight shivering under the cold stars and gazing at the infernal-looking sparks and glow spurting from a nearby volcano.

Through the icy dawn fog the cathedral bells jangled us into stopping by before leaving the city. The church was filled with bare-footed Indians, muffled to the eyes against the cold. We saw the young man of the night before. He was the bishop.

The police searches began

The highway from Quezaltenango to the coast was not paved, at least not at first, and it was just as sheer and tough as could be. Suddenly after plunging through a tunnel we were on paved road out of the fog, among palms in the brilliant sunshine. As we wound on downward we began shedding till we were down to tropical skirts and shirts. We pulled in halfway down and looking back we gazed on the glory of three volcanos, two cone-shaped giants and a third, far smaller, which was throwing great funnels of white smoke into the hard blue sky. About us the tropical foliage moved gently in the hot air and for the first time since leaving Canada we felt that we had made a noteworthy journey, that we were arriving at places rich and strange.

No more Indians in costume, as we continued our descent, just dark men and women dressed lightly for the tropics. We stopped at an open-air market and bought far too many bananas for two cents. Just outside the town we began being stopped by motorcycle policemen packing big guns and an overloaded sense of duty. On one pretext or another we were stopped every few miles. Some told us that the highway was narrow, not like ours, that we must drive slowly because the people here were not like ours and sometimes obstructed. And where were we going, and why? What was in the car? Might they please look in? They opened the back and searched the icebox, which contained only cans of American dog food. Suddenly I remembered the paper I'd glanced at in the hotel lobby. A revolution was expected in Guatemala on Sunday and this was Saturday. The president had every confidence that the revolution would come to nothing. Judging by all the police, he wasn't taking any chances.

"What are you really looking for?" I asked one.

"Cigarettes and liquor, of course. Though I'd also like to know, are you carrying arms and ammunition? Bombs perhaps? No?"

He had a sense of humor anyway.

At sea level we drove through sugar plantations and coconut farms and pacing us on our left was a rampart of volcanos, rising grey and beautiful from the rich green hills. The heat was stupefying, and we began to yearn for a swim. The map showed two roads to the beach, one to Puerto Champerico, and one to San José. We chose San José. Once more we made the wrong choice, but how is one to know when one is playing peekaboo with fate?

The next thing I knew there was a scream from Iona and I was playing catch-as-catch-can with a vast tractor towing a giant trailer that was whipping out of control from one side of the highway to the other. Dodging desperately, I tried to snake through on the left of the highway while the trailer was in a right-hand whip. I wasn't fast enough. The trailer lashed back and caught us almost head on, buckling the car and scattering itself over the highway. In the impact I turned off the motor and in the sizzling silence the marimba music drummed happily on. Then everything began happening. Ou leaped over our heads to vanish into the ditch. Iona fell from the car and began to scream, and I jumped out to pass the time of day with the two on the tractor, who, not liking on the order of their going, turned their trailerless tractor smartly in the direction they had come and scuttled off, dodging the debris nicely as they went.

Then I realized this was Latin America and flight was our only hope. Turning back to the car I gauged the extent of the damage. No wonder they had taken off. The car was a crumpled mass

"Maybe this lad can tell us if we're near Pygmy territory"

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of crimson wreckage and Iona was standing next to it, snivelling, desolate.

At my "Be quiet!" Iona looked up in surprise and stopped at once. I realized that she was doing what she believed to be the right thing in time of car smashes. Instantly she became so helpful that I almost wished I'd left her to her tears. From the sugarcane about us, from up and down the highway people were converging. In despair I tried the starter. The motor ran smooth as silk, but the car wouldn't budge. The bumper and the bodywork were buckled firmly against the right front wheel. Pouring with sweat I shoved and tugged trying to free the wheel but the metal was immovable.

"Can I help?" a nice quiet American voice said at my ear.

"Yes, yes," I gasped. "Help me free this wheel and get out of here. Unless the authorities are kinder here than in Mexico?"

"That they are not," the crewcut youngster said. "You'd better get out quick. I've no tools at all in my jeep. What've you got?" Iona produced everything we carried, but we banged and bashed, prized and heaved without avail.

"If we can't free you, you'll have to get a wrecker to tow you to Guatemala City. This being Saturday, you won't be able to see your embassy till Monday. Then there's that revolution tomorrow. I don't know."

I didn't know either. And I didn't give a damn about anything except freeing that wheel and heading out of Guatemala before anything expensive could happen.

Then from the sugarcane strode a magnificent Guatemalan. To me he looked like a tinted Roman drawing of Attila the Hun. He was expensively dressed in the best of everything, including two big guns strapped to his legs.

"I saw it all," he said from the depths. "In which direction were you driving, señora? Since you're smashed on the right, you must have been heading for San José." I was just about to say yes, I had been heading for San José, when Iona piped, "No, we were going the other way."

"Odd, the impact on the right of your car, no?" I wiped the streaming sweat from my eyes, speechless. Attila turned to the young American.

"This woman does not understand any Spanish?"

"I don't know," crewcut said, and to me, "Do you speak Spanish?" Before I could reply Iona said in her beautiful Spanish, "My mother speaks perfect Spanish."

If there is one thing I dread when confusion is probable, it is a lot of talking to make it worse confounded. So I resolved to speak no Spanish, no English, nothing, and I would free that wheel and get!

"This accident, you see, concerns me," Attila rumbled. "The mangled tractor and trailer belong to my son, whose land adjoins mine. My son will lose days of harvesting, but never mind that. The señora is in trouble and I shall fix her car at my workshops. Yes, on my ranch the workshops are the best and I have fine mechanics. All about you, you see my land. Please allow me to offer you my hospitality."

Machete-wielders shouted advice

I said nothing. I gaped at him. He said coldly, "Monday we shall arrange affairs between us with the help of our respective lawyers."

"Oooh," I said to the American, "I want out, but quicklike."

"If only we had a towrope. As it is I see nothing for it but that you go along with this man. After all, he is being helpful."

"But I have a towrope," I yelled. We set to work fixing the grapples, and then with my car in reverse and the brakes full on and the jeep crawling forward in bottom, little bits of metal were pulled free. Piece by piece we worked, and I remember looking up during the feverish operation to see Attila noting down my licence number.

A truck loaded with sugar workers all armed with machetes charged up and the men poured out shouting advice.

"You've at least $500 worth of damage there," the American said, walking around my liberated car. "It's a miracle the radiator isn't damaged." We tied up the buckled right-hand door with the nylon towrope and the American said, "There's nothing much wrong with the trailer, just needs assembling. I'd get out of here if I were you."

"That the señora give me her address," Attila growled. I scribbled my address, Queen's Bay, B.C., and Attila said, "This isn't any good. Where is she staying in Guatemala City?" In the end he gave me his city address, asking me to call him first thing on Monday morning. I blew him an hysterical kiss and started the motor. Ou galloped delightedly from the ditch, splattering mud over Attila and all of us, and I shot off to the shouts of joy from the machete brandishers.

In Guatemala City every policeman felt it his bounden duty to quit his post and examine us. And so ashamed as we were, and with darkness not far off, we decided to get out at all costs. On the road to the south, a gravel road, we were stopped only once, and that was by a military roadblock.

I slowed down before we reached the dip. But it was no dip—it was a clean break in the road

Over the fiendish washboard we stepped on it as best we could while a hot orange moon rose from the mountains and cicadas sang. We passed a couple of bulldozers and thudded onto a smoother stretch of highway which seemed to dip and then rise again to vanish far ahead in the gathering darkness. I shall never know what prompted me to slow down before we reached the dip. It was no dip, it was a clean break in the road with a drop of thirty feet to a river bed. On the far side, straight as an arrow, the road began again. There had been no road signs, no detour signs, nothing. And it was not the dark that had misled us; that road would have led to destruction in the noonday sun, and the slightest wind blowing up a dust would have made the break invisible till one was airborne. I drove back half a mile or so to an unmarked turnoff.

At Asunción Mita, a few miles from the border of El Salvador, we took on gas, and found a room in a scruffy hotel built in the Spanish style, a bunch of dingy rooms surrounding a patio filled with hungry looking trees, chickens, terrible smells and cats. Ou hurled himself into the life of the place; shrieks and squawks marked his passage. He spent the whole night in animation.

In the hot windowless room we slept profoundly and I awoke refreshed. Not so poor Iona, who was deadly sick — because of the smell, she thought. I fed her some pills and left her miserable in bed while I went to Mass, for this was the Sunday of the revolution. Whereas in Mexico women sit on the right of the church, here in Guatemala the women sat on the left, the men on the right. Lining up for Communion I realized from the hissing that I was supposed to stay with my own sex. The priest was a long slender Benedictine with a distinct Brooklyn drawl to his Spanish.

Before most people had had their breakfast, we were over the Salvadoran border. Had there been a revolution? We never did find out.

We fell in love with El Salvador: the gorgeous youths in uniform at the frontier, the fine paved highways, the clean prosperous people. Poor Iona suffered rather badly throughout the morning and I yearned to get to a good hotel where I could put her to bed. We drove through miles of coffee plantations and at last we reached the capital, San Salvador, by way of a speedway lined with flowering shrubs.

A lovely city it is: fine wide streets, houses all new and shining in pastel colors, brilliant flowers, wrought iron everything, spacious, lavish and gleaming with expensive cars. San Salvador, destroyed time and again by earthquakes, lies at the foot of the volcano of the same name in the Valley of the Hammocks, named for the continuous shaking and swaying of the land. We nosed around admiringly and soon we were picked up by a young man in a dream convertible who drove ahead of us to point out the Hotel El Salvador, two miles out of town at the base of the volcano.

The young man seemed rather taken by us and he leant his muscled raw silk torso over our battered door and gave us his card.

"This afternoon," he said, "I will show you round our country club, where we shall swim and play tennis and dance."

"Thanks," I said, "but my daughter and I plan to spend a quiet day."

"Your daughter?" He withdrew, pulled out a shell pink silk kerchief and brushed his elbows. "Well, goodbye, señora, señorita, it has been a great pleasure."

"Now I wonder which of us he was after?" Iona mused, patting a golden braid and looking not sick at all.

The Hotel El Salvador was sheer magnificence. It was watched over by the National Police and the very postage stamps wore the hotel's picture. We drove over floors of polished marble, and stopped by a rocky grotto with blue water a foot or so deep into which Ou plunged, scattering exotic blossoms and fish. Then he rushed into the hotel at our heels, quite spoiling the effect I had intended to create of an ordinary tourist with a pretty daughter and no dog. I paid $17 for a room and slunk quickly into a plushy elevator. Ou lay glued to the floor as we rose and howled.

Scarcely had we breathed our first ecstatic sigh when the (Austrian) manager was with us.

"Madam," he said in German, "No dogs."

"No, of course not," I said.

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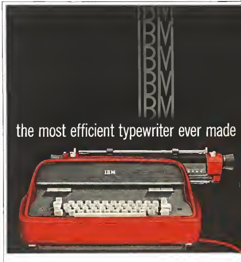

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"Your German shepherd then, he is a nice dog but he must go."

"He's not a dog," I said, and Iona added, "He's a friend of ours," in Spanish. I put my hand to my head. "I'm sorry the journey . . ." I murmured. "All the way from Canada . . ." I was beginning to feel savagely guilty over the $17 and I was delighted to leave. I picked up my overnight case.

"Canadians," the assistant manager said in beautiful French, "and by road! Impossible. Wonderful, wonderful. Of course you may not think of leaving. And your, er, your friend perhaps he will agree to sleeping on the balcony outside your room?"

We wallowed for hours in the sumptuous bathroom, rang bells for a radio, an electric fan, chicken soup for Iona, beer for me, a plate of bones for Oz. I tried to persuade Iona into bed, but she, like the rest of us, recovers from anything instantly when surrounded by luxury. She wanted more.

Of course no one would take my Guatemalan quetzales so gasping up on Monday morning I changed my last $20 into colones — one coffin at 40 cents — and I was pleased with myself for catching a short change. Unfortunately there isn't very much of El Salvador, and so in the thundering heat of noon we arrived at the Honduran border.

There is an archway some three hours long over the highway that has HONDURAS lettered over it. The customs offices are there, and everything on legs and wheels for miles seemed to have congregated for shade. We in our battered car fitted right into the picture and we squirmed and wriggled ourselves into the shade among hundreds of crates, boxes, baskets, bicycles, buses, trucks and smashed-up cars. We were soon buttled like everyone else under swarms of children and millions of flies. After an hour or so I found that the holdup was caused by the lunchtime siesta of some official. He had gone off to a neighboring ranch and wasn't expected back for a couple of hours anyway.

We changed all but $3 into Honduran lempiras, two to a dollar, and drove through the murderous heat and some very fine scenery. We bought gas at a little town, and continued on the road to the south.

"Seems the Inter American is fading out," Iona said after a while. I was inclined to agree. The broad, well-graded gravel highway had gone and in its place was a rutted country road that steadily worsened.

"Is this the road to Nicaragua?" I shouted at a couple of Indians struggling with a cow.

"Of course it is, keep straight on," they said. The road grew so bad that I feared for the life of our car. A crowded bus lurched towards us and I asked the driver. "Yes it is," he smiled and jerked his head. "It's rough for a little car like that. Don't think you can make it on that."

The border wasn't free

A couple of hours later we charged right through the Honduran Nicaraguan border, while swarms of wildly dressed soldiers poured out of the mountains to stop us.

"I don't much mind being shot at, do you?" Iona asked.

"Costs too much," I said and allowed them to shoo us back.

"How about shutting the gate next time?" I said as they stood around me laughing, their bayonets pointed at our guts.

"In a hurry, weren't you?" "Getting through on the cheap, eh? Costs something after hours."

They were a friendly bunch, fascinated by Iona and Oz.

"So big, both of them."

"She's young still? Still has a lot of growing to do?"

"Some," I laughed.

"She's almost my size already. Will she grow as big as you?" he tugged playfully at one of Iona's golden braids. "Is everyone as big as that where you come from?"

"That's why they have a dog the size of a horse," another said.

"You'd think they'd drive a bus or something. This is the smallest car we've seen round here."

"Aren't you scared of the bandidos?"

"Have you bandidos here?" I asked.

"Oh sure."

They showed me to a windowless room at the end of the whitewashed customs building. A languid young man swung in a hammock and blew smoke rings.

"You're late," he yawned. "Border closes at 4.30 p.m. Two lempira fine."

"I don't want to pay a fine," I said.

"We'll stick around till morning then," and he closed his eyes. Crossly I handed him the money and waited while he reluctantly filled in his register. Farther down there was another room, with another young man dozing bulkily in a hammock, swinging himself by a string tied to a nail in the wall.

"Late," he murmured and spread limp palms. "Wait till tomorrow? Lots of room here."

I paid two more lempiras.

"Mind the bandidos, they'll make sausages of that dog," one of them said as they let us drive over the border.

The Nicaraguan customs was very smart, all new concrete and glass, with a snack bar, tourist souvenirs, the works. No one said I was late, and for $1.50 I got a permit to remain thirty days in Nicaragua.

"Just keep renewing this till you want to leave," the official said. "You can stay as long as you like in Nicaragua, only don't try to sell your car."

Well, this was easy. I had expected difficulties in Nicaragua, basing my beliefs on tourist book information.

"Are you going to Managua?" he asked. "That is a terribly hot place. You won't like it. Better stay up in the hills here with us."

Somoto is the frontier garrison town some fifteen miles over the Nicaraguan border, and here we were stopped for our papers. And we had to pay a two dollar fine for being late. If I didn't pay we'd have to sleep in the bush on the other side of the border, so it seemed to me. The official was a very agreeable elderly man. He had just received a phone call from the last customs post to the effect that I had forgotten my car registration papers there. They were sending them down by jeep but they wouldn't hurry themselves.

"You'd best make up your mind to spend the night in Somoto," he said. "You'll be far cooler here and anyway the highway from here isn't safe because they are working on it." He rose and walked round the table to us. "Excuse me," he said and pulled the hood of Iona's windbreaker off. "I just have to see this hair. Lovely, lovely," he murmured and stroked her dusty tousled head while Iona stood deadly still, shivering with anger. "They tell me there is a lot of this golden hair up where you come from, no? Well, you come back in a couple of hours, we'll see whether the jeep is here with your papers yet."

I drove into the pink evening to get a fill of gas. We changed our last $3 into córdobas and the gas cost us the lot.

"Well," I said to Iona, "this is it. No more nothing at all till we get to Managua. Let's go see whether the hotel will have us." The Somoto Hotel was run by a prim old lady with black and white hair drawn hard into a bun.

"What will you leave with me, to show you'll pay?" she wanted to know.

"Help yourself," I said and threw open the back of the car. She looked sadly at the dusty, battered contents.

"Better you choose me something," she said. "It all looks alike to me."

From the depths I produced a heavy camel-hair coat, and when I'd shaken the dust I watched her examining the lining.

"Nice coat, this will be fine. Do you want the best accommodation we have, a room upstairs with a washroom and shower, or the next best downstairs?"

"We'll have the best please."

The price of the room included morning coffee and was 21 córdobas for the two, about $3. We were delighted with the room. A cold wind blew through the wooden slats from the pink-tipped mountains, the room was spotless and spacious and we had a balcony. On the strength of my coat I sent for some beer and pop and a sandwich or so. Our hostess shouted up to us from the street.

"I forgot to ask. How come you have no money? Was it stolen?"

"Oh no," I said. "We spent it all."

"Well, you'll have to remember that you share a bathroom up there with a gentleman. He is very orderly."

We wandered through the large square under the trees and the high moon and we dropped in to hear Benediction in the large old church. Oz followed us in and hurled himself into a dogfight in the middle of the church. The singing stopped while we all disentangled our respective dogs, and then the singing was resumed as though all this was a matter of course. Later we collected our car papers and strolled back to the hotel. Our hostess was waiting for us.

"Here," she said. "You take your coat. You are sure to be needing it, and I don't need anything to assure me that you will pay. Don't thank me. Just send the money when you have some. That you both sleep well."

Oz decided to sleep in the shower between our room and the orderly gentleman's. In the middle of the night we were awakened by a yell and Oz's deepest growl. I rushed into the shower to find my dog, eyes flashing with moonlight, fur on end, fangs bared, growling at the still swinging door of the orderly

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one. There was a strong smell of beer and the sound of running feet on stairs and the slam of the street door.

"A well is the poor man's bath room," I sobbed to Irene. "It isn't fair."

The highway to Managua was quite difficult: it was under construction, was very dusty and had many detours. The construction workers were Americans. When we were held up they chatted with us and told us how terribly hot it was in Managua.

It was. Although Somoto was only 2,100 feet above sea level it had been almost cold. Managua was like hell's own furnace. We registered at the best hotel in town. And then, right there in the main street in the middle of the hurly-burly of the jam-packed traffic and the noisy chaotic pedestrians under the fierce noon sun, I had to unpack our car, for there was simply nowhere else to do it. People didn't arrive from anywhere by car; they came from the airport in limousines. The hotel had no garage. When the job had been done and the luggage transferred I bolted about the town hunting for an estimate on the repair job. The Ford people produced the best deal and with them I left our beloved Zephyr.

The airline advanced the money for our plane flight into the jungle on the following day and the hotel lodged us American plan on tick, so we ate hugely. I sent a wire to Quen, asking him to meet the plane.

At 5 a.m. the taxi came for us.

"Why not the limousine?" I asked.

"With that monster?" the clerk said. "Why no one in Nicaragua would travel in a car with that."

Everyone kept his respectful distance at the airport. Ou had to be weighed in and I spent a lot of time explaining that he was only a puppy, nine months old to be exact.

"Only a little puppy," the man at the scales said. "A little puppy. Is he to travel as excess baggage or as a passenger?"

"Which costs less?" I asked.

"He'll not be traveling at all," the bossman boomed from afar, "unless you crate him."

"I can't crate him," I said.

"Well he's not going. And please put him on a leash at once."

"I haven't a leash. And if you won't fly the dog, then we'll walk."

"Hoho, walk is it? So you're going to walk a couple of hundred miles through trackless jungle. Well, that's just fine. Better get started."

The official looked at us standing before him, the three of us with tears in all our eyes, and he said more kindly, "Hang on then and we'll ask the pilot. After all it's his responsibility."

The flight was late: mechanical trouble or something. We sat on hard little benches from 5.30 to the afternoon. The pilot arrived and Ou was produced.

"Oh sure he can travel. Only don't let him gnaw my passengers," the pilot said.

We took off at 1.30. Ou lay glued to the floor at our feet. The flight was very rough, so rough that we couldn't even stand to change seats when Irene wanted to look out the window. Ou slid [illegible] planing up and down the aisle with each plunge the plane took.

"Look at the passengers," the stewardess said to me. "Usually they are all airsick even when it is smooth. That dog has scared them out of vomiting. You'd better leave him to me."

We came down on a bumpy strip in the jungle, the door was thrown open, the steps rolled up but no one moved. All eyes were on Ou, who was taking his time. He rose, stretched languidly, strolled to the door, paused and started down, moving faster and faster as he approached the blessed earth. The watchers on the ground scattered.

"Look, it's the real Rin Tin Tin."

"No, it is a tiger."

"It is Señor Dog in person!"

Ou joyfully took off in ever-expanding circles. Irene and I looked over the many-colored milling mass of people, but there was no Quen. But we did see a Capuchin bishop sitting foursquare on a bench in the shade. He smiled at us and said in Brooklynese: "All sorts here, get in [illegible]. All languages, English, Spanish, Mosquito, Chinese — they're all good people, good people."

As the bishop suggested I phoned the mine. Quen had received the telegram rather late but he had already left for the airport.

"Little Canada here," the bishop said when we sat down to wait. "The mining people, riverboats, seaport, highways, everything just about Canadian, the co-ops run by us of course."

"Funny, the terrific change in climate and vegetation in so short a flight. Over there so dry, all desert. Here moist, lush. Is there malaria?"

"Gracious yes. All the tropical horrors. Yellow fever too. Epidemic couple of years ago wiped out all the monkeys. Terrible stench in the valleys. Ghastly riding from village to village. This is the rain belt all right, wettest climate in the world. Look at that now, more delays."

I looked at the horizon of short, choppy, heavily green volcanic hills and saw that they were being gobbled by cloud.

"This is the dry season," the bishop said, "so we do get a break here and there. Weather is bad between here and the coast. Been waiting all day myself, all my connections. Will of God."

"Where are you headed?" I asked.

"Rome," he said. He mopped the sweat from his streaming forehead.

Suddenly our wonderful Quen was there.

We piled into the company truck and set off on the gravel road that ran to the company's mine in the middle of nowhere. Quen pointed out the native trees, their tall heads flaming like giant bunches of daffodils, and here and there a mahogany tree.

"All the company houses are made of mahogany, built on stilts because of ants and so on. Everything is kept in drying cupboards, heated night and day, everything."

I imagined a grass shack by a river. I don't know why. I said so.

"Nothing like that," Quen said. "The company's done a beautiful job. Cut back the forest and made miles of rolling golf course. The houses are scattered over the hills. The place looks like a millionaire's paradise, not like a mining camp. Wonderful flowers in the gardens, and fruit. Mangos, bananas, pineapples, oranges, grapefruit, breadfruit, avocados."

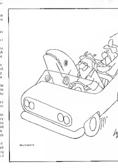
"Sounds like the garden of Eden," I said. "You'll never get me away."

Some time later when the truck was sailing fast and high, our headlights caught two pale forms standing in the middle of the road.

"Cows," I thought, so Q[illegible]. As the truck stopped the nearest animal turned flaming eyes toward us, and languidly padded his creamy, spotted body into the forest, followed by his mate while we three sat petrified with joy.

Jaguars. We had seen [illegible] moving gloriously, real jaguars.

"Who will ever believe it?" Quen said. "Just imagine: jaguars within driving distance of Queen's Bay!" ★



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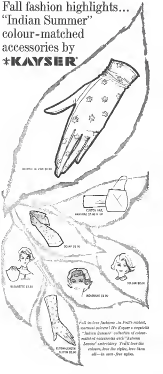

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WHERE THE AMERICAN NEGRO STANDS IN THE BROWN MAN'S WORLD

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The advantages of being black

Continued from page 19

In a test of sweat samples, "the most pleasant and the most unpleasant were both from whites"

as to throw the Negro women into paroxysms of unconsciousness."

Since slaves were allowed only half an hour a week for the family wash this is not surprising. Even today many Negro homes in the South have no bathrooms. But in their ancestral homeland of West Africa, where Negroes are daily and ardent users of Unilever products, J. C. Furnas, author and traveler, notes that Negro funk is unknown.

It is true that Negroes, like white women, have more sweat glands than white men. They "serve to reduce the temperature of the body," says anthropologist Ashley Montagu, and "maintain a salty film of moisture over the skin which assists to keep it cool." No tests have been made to find out whether women smell worse than men, but anthropologist Otto Klineberg, of Columbia University, tells of a study by a colleague "who collected in test tubes a little of the perspiration of white and colored students. These test tubes were then given to a number of white subjects with instructions to rank them in order of pleasantness. The most pleasant and the most unpleasant were both taken from whites."

As proof of the Negro's animal nature whites cite his sexuality. "Love seems with them to be more an eager desire than a delicate mixture of sentiment and sensation," wrote Thomas Jefferson, third U.S. president, who had at least one slave mistress.

The Negro rape rate seems to support this thesis. A study by Marshall Clinard, professor of sociology at the University of Wisconsin, shows that in 1957 "of those arrested for rape over the past 23 years 89.7 percent were Negroes."

Clinard, however, agrees with the Swedish sociologist Gunnar Myrdal who, after a study for the Carnegie Foundation, said "Like other Negro crime rates, the Negro rape rate is fallaciously high, while women may try to extricate themselves from the consequences of sexual delinquency by blaming or framing Negro men; a white woman who has a Negro lover can get rid of him ... by accusing him of rape; neurotic women may hysterically interpret an innocent action as an attack by a Negro."

Sociologists concede that Negroes are more promiscuous than whites. The U.S. Negro slave, says anthropologist Margaret Mead, "was bred like a stud bull and his children were sold away from him." Promiscuity was encouraged to keep every slave girl of breeding age pregnant. A man's woman could be taken by the master or the overseer — and seldom with tears, for sex bought her status and favors. Since Negroes had no legal rights, marriage meant little. One Kentucky minister used to say at a slave ceremony "Till death or distance do you part."

With this background the average Negro today comes home from long hard labor to a crowded home in a segregated slum. Barred from the white man's world across much of the United States he hangs out in cabaret dancehalls called Finn and Easys where, says Professor Mabel Elliott of the Pennsylvania College for Women, "the commercialization of sex ... is recreation at its worst." But with a trade and an education, Margaret Mead observes, "the American Negro father ... is perhaps almost overly responsible."

The white man's true estimate of the Negro as a sexual rival is painfully clear. Writing in the Twenties, when an average of 31 U.S. Negroes a year were dragged behind cars, burned alive, castrated and lynched for such offenses as talking back, discussing the vote or looking at a white woman, psychoanalyst A. R. Berkeley-Hill concluded that it "can only be explained by supposing that the idea of intercourse between his womankind and a Negro stirs up in the depths of the white man's mind a fury ... of sexual jealousy." The white man's "fear of his own sexual inadequacy," says Dr. Marie Jahoda, "creates anxiety that the white woman might experience greater satisfaction with a Negro man."

"Just a matter of months, men, and we'll have broken all records for a continuous underwater run"

Such a deep-buried sense of inferiority seems inadequately explained by any merely physical fact. Dr. Helen McLean of Chicago's Institute for Psychoanalysis thinks that white people, feeling devoid of the capacity for the expression of genuine warmth, unconsciously feel that the Negro has what they lack. The books of William Faulkner, finest writer of the South, portray Negroes as more fun-loving, more love-giving, more stable. Their suicide rate in the U.S. is only a third that of whites. A Royal Canadian Air Force study shows them as less accident prone, which suggests less inhibition, less repression of how they feel.

From the depth of Negro emotion has come nearly all of American folk culture: the Negro spiritual, its greatest body of folksong; the Uncle Remus stories, its biggest reservoir of folklore; jazz, the minstrel show, the soft shoe dance, the [illegible] cakewalk, Charleston, black bottom, trucking, Lindy hop, jitterbug, and, in Latin America, the rhumba and the conga.

Psychological tests in Jamaica by Morris Steggerda and C. B. Davenport indicate "a superiority of the Negroes over the North Europeans in sensory equipment or at least in ability to make sensory discriminations, especially in music." They found no difference in harmony or tonal memory, but "the blacks showed themselves superior ... most strikingly in capacity for discriminating intensity and rhythm." Tests by musicologist Dorothy Murray of Southern Illinois State Teachers College confirmed that "colored children of each grade are superior to white children in motor rhythm both at the beginning and the end of the learning period."

In the higher arts, as in the professions, Negro achievement falls far below whites. Julian Huxley, an honest and a great geneticist, thought it "wholly probable that the Negroes have a slightly lower intelligence than the whites or the yellows" — a widespread opinion. "The Negro's emotional gifts," says E. Franklin Frazier, dean of Negro sociologists, "have been exalted by the white liberal while his intellectual inferiority has been accepted as fact."

The first large-scale mental testing took place in World War I with U.S. servicemen, and the low Negro score was quoted as proof of inferiority. Later reviewing these figures, psychologists pointed out that northern Negroes scored higher than southern whites. Otto Klineberg, in a study of 12-year-old Negro children in New York, showed that their score rose with every year of residence in the city.

"Since practically all IQ tests have been made by Europeans," anthropologist Ralph Linton says, "the Europeans have uniformly emerged triumphant. It seems improbable that it would have been so if Arabs or Hindus or Chinese had been the first to get the idea." The IQ tests on Negroes, social scientists now agree, mainly show differences in schooling. As slaves Negroes were forbidden to learn to read or write. In 1832, just after the third bloody slave uprising, legislator Henry Berry told Virginia's House of Delegates: "We have, as far as possible, closed every avenue by which light may enter the slaves' minds. If we could extinguish the capacity to see the light, our work would be complete; they would then be on a level with the beasts of the field and we should be safe."

This attitude has changed slowly. The average white American male over the age of 25 has had 10.7 years schooling compared with the Negro's 7.3. Even what the Negro does get is substandard. In Georgia, says the Speaker of its House of Representatives, "What the Negro child gets in the sixth grade the white child gets in the third." He has little incentive to train because few skilled jobs are open to him, and employers open few skilled jobs because they complain he has no training. "It's a vicious circle," says the Rev. William Oliver, a Halifax Negro.

Only a few sports allow the Negro to prove his capabilities. In these he is so outstanding that some scientists side with the Russians in concluding that his edge is biological.

The biological principle of survival of the fittest was unquestionably at work during slavery. In the slave ships Negroes lay in their filth, body stacked upon body, as long as six weeks. The toll of African life has been estimated at five corpses for every one of the millions of slaves delivered. "Only those better endowed physically must have survived," says Frazier.

In America the best endowed Negro women were chosen as mistresses by the white ruling caste and some slave-owning Indian chiefs — a [illegible] case of selective breeding. Anthropologist Melville Herskovits, finding three out of four U.S. Negroes with some white or a little Indian blood, concludes: "From its diverse racial stocks, as it is humanly possible to assemble ... has arisen a veritable New Negro ... distinctive among human beings."

The new Negro on the average is an inch shorter than the white man — this

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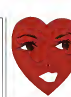

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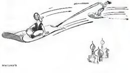

is confirmed by at least ten studies. His neck is thicker, his flesh less fat, his bones heavier. His shoulders, elbows, feet and chest are wider. He has narrower hips and longer arms, legs, hands and feet.

He inherits, says Lt.-Col. F. A. M. Webster, a British athletic coach, in The Science of Athletics, an amazing aptitude for sprinting and jumping. Webster recalls that in Africa he saw "any number of untrained bare-footed natives who could jump anything between 6 feet and 6 feet 5 inches with the greatest ease." (The world's record, held by a Negro, is 7 feet 3½ inches.) The Watusi tribe, jumping from a three- or four-inch mound, "clear as much as 8 feet 2½ inches," Webster says, "with a sort of natural layout of their own invention."

When Nature makes a leaping animal such as the kangaroo, says Negro anthropologist W. Montague Cobb, she lengthens the leg but shortens the thigh in relation to the shin. These are the Negro's proportions. The long shin, says anthropologist Eleanor Metheny of the State University of Ohio, "can develop greater velocity ... and serves also as a longer lever ... He is split higher up and so can raise his leg higher ... The longer, heavier arm can develop greater momentum ..."

After studying Howard Drew, first Negro sprinting champion and inventor of the "bullet start," Dr. R. G. Strond concluded that the tilt of the Negro's thigh on his pelvic bone (forward rather than outward) gave him a half-inch advantage in hitting, in boxing, and a four-inch advantage in each sprinting stride. (It is the outward angular pitch of the pelvis, says Strond, that causes women to run awkwardly.)

Lloyd Percival, head of Toronto's Sports College, thinks the Negro does best in those sports that require great emotional control. "In the sprint a bad start can cost you the race — it's a tremendous emotional load. One touch on the hurdles and you're out. The coach usually hides under the stand till it's over. Colored athletes react well to high competitive pressure. They suffer less from what we call the choke."

In tests for tension — holding out the arm, tightening the head and keeping the rest of the muscles loose — Negroes do better than whites. Coaches claim they are more relaxed. If so, criminologist Marshall Clinard thinks it's psychological: their daily life contains so much tension "that races are less likely to produce disastrous results."

Percival, in coaching 150 colored athletes, found them easier to train in rhythm, which sharpens timing and conserves energy. "People say they're lazy. It's not true. Gordie Howe is negroid in movement, loose and easy. People said he'd only *skate*. But look at the skaters who are trying to catch him. The more even the expenditure of energy the better the results. Ups and downs are the most enervating.

"In cricket, half the ten best bowlers of all time have been colored. Here rhythm, timing, even strides are most important," says Percival. "In boxing, the greatest combination punchers have been Negroes — Henry Armstrong, Joe Louis, Sugar Ray Robinson, who over the years is probably the best of them all." The finest baseball pitcher ever born is Satchel Paige who, at 37, pitched 29 games in 30 days, losing one, and who jumped the color line for his first big league game at 48.

In endurance events the Negro's record is curiously second rate. The exceptions prove the rule — Earl Johnson, the U.S. five mile champion (1921 to 1923) and Canada's Phil Edwards, 1928 half-mile champ. Rafer Johnson, who broke the Olympic decathlon record in August, turned in his worst performance in the dreaded event, the 1,500 metre run — which typically he dislikes.

Col. Webster, who thinks the Negro "is so formed that he will always be the best sprinting machine," claims that in distance running "his extra forward pitch ... makes his stride always long enough to tire him ..." Eleanor Metheny's studies show that his chest is shallower than the white man's. His "markedly lower breathing capacity, 115 to 20 per cent less," she says, "is a handicap in events of long duration."

"Negroes do best at dynamic sports," says Percival, "games of reflexes like boxing and baseball. They test faster than whites in reflex time." Crediting this to their jungle background, Webster writes, "What really remains, it is thought, from the Negro's former state of savagery is the spring ... a critical explosive force that man must have had if he would preserve his life in his uncivilized state."

From his studies of children, psychologist Arnold Gesell reports that Negro infants' fine co-ordination in block manipulation "... might indicate motor development above average." Anthropologist Montague Cobb notes that the nerve fibres of the Negro are larger in cross-section than those of the white. And with electric conductors, the larger the nerve the easier and quicker the passage of the impulse [which] would imply better muscular co-ordination in the Negro.

But Cobb himself, a Negro and a former sprinting star, thinks it absurd to account for the split-second victories of Negro champions by comparing racial differences of average men. The great Negro sprinters, he says, have been long-legged and short-legged, fast starters and slow starters, effortless runners and powerhouses. Cobb measured Jesse Owens, Negro winner of four Olympic medals, and found that Owens was closer to the white than the black archetype. Superiority in athletics, he says, grows out of superior incentive.

"The Negro knows he has to work harder to get there," says Jackie Robinson, former baseball star. The San Francisco Giants' Negro scout, Alex Pompez, tells his players, "If you want to stay in organized baseball you got to do things a little bit better. And they do. Every year we get the leading hitter, most valuable player, the big home run hitter."

Sport, says Richard Bardolph in his survey of achievement The Negro Vanguard, is for many Negroes "the shortest and most exciting road to riches and applause." It offers the poor Negro boy — and only half of one per cent of Negroes make as much as $5,000 a year — almost his only chance for an education. It offers a chance to prove himself and to some, Bardolph says, "the prospect of close personal combat with the white man, of giving him a thorough drubbing and then shaking his hand in a generous gesture of conciliation, affords a heady ecstasy."

In The Psychoanalytic Review Dr. Laynard Holloman suggests that some of the Negro's drive is desire for revenge. Among themselves Negroes refer to whites as "the enemy" and a white person is an "ofay" — pig Latin for foe. "There is much suppressed antagonism because of daily frustration," sociologist Franklin Frazier agrees.

"There's resentment but not hate," says Jackie Robinson. Joe Louis says the only time he fought the white man with hate in his heart was the night he knocked out Max Schmeling, Hitler's viceroy of white supremacy. Robert Lucas, a Negro writer, says Negroes' attitudes vary "as widely as their skin colors."

"Take me," says Jackie Robinson. "I used to burn inside when I was told I couldn't go here or there. But all I did was vow I'd speak up against discrimination whenever I had the opportunity."

In 1946 "The Brain" of baseball, the Brooklyn Dodgers' president Branch Rickey, picked Robinson to break the color line. Rickey sat at his desk and heaved insults at him (Dinge! Smoke! Dirty nigger!) and catalogued his reaction. "I had to get a man," says Rickey, "to carry the badge of martyrdom."

Pitchers hit Robinson seven times in two months with bean balls. Players made him the butt of jokes. Fans loosed black cats on the field, yelling "Here's your brother!" But he fought off a nervous breakdown, and in 1949 was voted the National League's Most Valuable Player. "One of the all-time greats," wrote Milton Gross in the New York Post. Frustration can also strengthen resolution.

Success means much more to the Negro than to the white athlete. "Many Negro professional men and women ... follow religiously the scores of the various teams and the achievements of all the players," Frazier says. When baseball star Don Newcombe came into the cafeteria at Howard, a Negro university in Washington, every professor stood up with the exception of one anthropologist, who afterwards exclaimed, "Imagine professors standing up for a ballplayer!"

The Negro ballplayers are symbols of achievement, Frazier says. "Unable to compete freely as individuals, the Negro masses take intense vicarious pleasure in watching race heroes vindicate them in the eyes of the white world," Horace Cayton and St. Clair Drake wrote in Black Metropolis.

The night Joe Louis won the heavyweight crown, Harlem erupted. Negroes danced in the street, sang and bragged until early morning. "Louis lifted an entire race out of the slough of inferiority and gave them a sense of self-importance," a Negro newspaper, the Pittsburgh Courier, declared.

Joe was well aware that he was a racial symbol. More than once he said, "If I do anything to disgrace my people, I hope I die." He cultivated a deadpan look so he couldn't be photographed (like Jack Johnson) standing triumphant over fallen white opponents, but he defended his championship oftener than anyone since or before and held it for a record twelve years.

Such achievements, Negroes feel, are breaking down prejudice. As baseball star Luke Easter said when his trainer warned him some fans might not like him because of his color, "Mr. Starr, everybody likes me when I hit that ball." Americans love a success story. Even in the South, says Jackie Robinson, many baseball fans are more concerned with winning than with prejudice.

Writing in Survey Graphic, Will Alexander quotes a Southerner: "For generations, many of us have been looking at an image of what we have called the American Negro — a scarecrow of our own creation. Now in the strong light which the World War II has cast upon all our assumptions about people, we find that he is not this at all. He is something quite different and infinitely better. He is a human being — and a first-rate human being at that." ★

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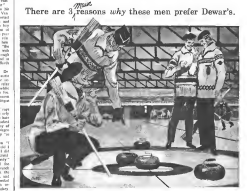

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128

For the sake of argument

Continued from page 10

Some business and professional men started to anglicize their names. Rabinovitch, let's say, was reborn Rice and Lapechitz, Lane. At the time, however, the children were still given sturdy Old Testament names. We were called Jacob, Sarah, Israel or Sol. Today I find that children are more likely to have foreign-sounding names like Neal, Stuart, Marlene, or even Eugene. Some, I'm afraid, go even further. They have their noses bobbed. Naturally, the rabbis who serve such an up-to-date community are no longer severe men with splendid beards. Today's rabbi, clean-shaven, is generally a regular guy. He no longer threatens the community with God's terrible wrath but instead organizes father-and-son breakfasts, golf tournaments and bar-mitzvahs that are more suggestive of musical comedy than a boy's acceptance into a faith that is thousands of years old. Yet these same people would have it that there has been a great return to religion and traditional Jewish values. I doubt it. What's happened, it seems to me, is that religion has been modernized and in the process emasculated, shorn of most of its mystery and beauty. Jews, I think, have become Canadian by renouncing much of what was singularly lovely in their heritage. This is not to say that I expect Jews to return to the time of the musty synagogue over the grocery store, or that I think Jewish children ought to wear sidecurls again, but it looks to me as though we've gone too far in disowning our past.

When I was a boy I was told that we had to live in a ghetto because that was the only way we had survived thousands of years of oppression. Assimilation and intermarriage, I was told, meant extinction. And so returning to Canada it is ironic to see this same community, as insular as ever, doing unto themselves what they say the Gentiles have been trying to do since the beginning of our history, namely, to destroy those traditions that make us appear different.

Yesterday there was one ghetto. Today, as the Jews have prospered and moved out to suburbia, there are a series of such enclaves. No longer with much excuse, however. But when I put this to a seemingly assured young man, he replied: "Well, I just wouldn't feel comfortable living next door to a *Goy*."

"Why?"

"All this brotherhood stuff is meaningless," he said. "Underneath, they're still anti-Semites."

The same man then told me that because many golf courses are still restricted the Jews have constructed clubs of their own. Recently there was a crisis at one of these clubs. A young Jew brought a friend of his, a Gentile, along to play with him. The Gentile liked the course and the people he met there so much that he applied for membership. After much heart-searching, his application was turned down. "Why?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "it wasn't that they had anything against him personally. But they did feel that if they let him in others would apply. Soon they'd all want to get in ... and we'd be pushed into our own corner again." (Years ago a member of a university faculty gave me the same pained, reasonable argument to explain why there was a quota on Jewish students.)

"What," I asked, "if a Negro applied for a golf-club membership?"

"Oh, he'd be turned down," the man said, "but not because he was colored. Only because he was a Gentile."

The next day I attended the opening of a new synagogue in the suburbs and any doubts I'd had that our values had been debased were quickly dispelled.

The ceremony was to begin outdoors with the cutting of a ribbon and the laying of a cornerstone. There had been rain in the morning, but half an hour before the festivities were to begin the sky cleared and, as a matter of fact, the ceremony started under a brilliant sun. "This," the chairman assured us, "is an omen from God. He approves of our choice of a sanctuary for Him."

And this, to begin with, angered me. I was appalled by the lack of humility implicit in the notion that our God, who seemed to be busy elsewhere when six million were murdered in Europe, had the time to indicate his pleasure with this suburban community.

Next, a man, described as illustrious, came forward to lay the cornerstone. He was not a distinguished scholar, rabbi, artist or doctor, as he might have been in the old days, but the richest Jew in town. Among the souvenirs he placed inside the cornerstone the only one named was "some currency of our time." Money. If any of the rabbis present saw the incongruity here he failed to speak up.

Inside, as it turned out, the holy ark had been donated by the owners of a supermarket chain in memory of their mother. Well, it was a fine gesture. But this too was quickly brought down to the level of bad taste. A young moon-faced rabbi rose and after first assuring us that he had never known the lady in whose memory the ark had been given, he then went on to extol her in such hyperbolic terms that she appeared a saint. This was followed by further tributes so vulgar that I was no longer sure whether this was, indeed, a synagogue being dedicated or a new shopping centre that was being opened.

I left in the middle of the young president's speech. Outside, in the corridor, I came upon a plaque listing donors to the synagogue building fund in order of how much they had given, one thousand, five hundred or a hundred dollars, and I was even further embarrassed. The synagogue, I felt, is rather a moral force or nothing. It should be above expediency and beyond the seductions of wealth. But this plaque was evidence to the contrary. It was social blackmail. It would also have a horrifying effect on the children. For here, where they were to have their religious instruction, they could plainly see their fathers' names honored or omitted in proportion to how much money they had given.

I walked away feeling ashamed. The Jews had, it seemed, come a long and depressing way in Canada. We had come to this country fleeing from persecution and had brought with us our traditional respect for the ethical, the spiritual and the intellectual. But these were no longer the values we attributed. As the community has prospered it has also become flabby, money driven, and prejudiced. Today we are powerful enough to keep people off golf courses because of their racial origins but in order to promote a so-called religious revival our synagogues, by and large, have become religious drugstores. A place of air-conditioned comfort and jingoism and platitude where no serious moral reproaches are made.

Let nothing disturb us

Today's American rule says that nothing must disturb our complacency. Our television producers would no more serve us an unhappy ending on a Sunday night than chess or cards. Best sellers will always uplift. Learning must be made painless for the young. Politicians will test their convictions through public opinion samples. And so the synagogue going the way it is is only a small part of a larger pattern. But it is distressing to see religion adjusting to the times and in particular to see my religion doing so.

The result, I'm afraid, is that we are no longer as different as we were. We are Canadians now, still a little off white perhaps, but even so the cost has been prohibitive.

It seems to me that the Jewish middle class in their anxiety to prove themselves okay have taken the vulgarities of this bland middle-class country as the desirable norm and, in many cases, have tried to go them one better.

There was a time when the ideal of the ghetto was the doctor. He not only was taken to be the very apogee of learning and refinement and in those days that was precisely what we admired. To have a son a doctor ... well, that was the world. It was worth overtime in the sweatshop and the insults of the Gentiles. *To have a son a doctor.* A Jew born in a stable might be the son of God, but no Jew born in a cold water flat off the Main would get to be prime minister of Canada. If he got to be a doctor though, the prime minister himself might come to him when he was ill. But even the doctor is no longer the ideal of the community. Real estate agents earn more money. Why, today there are even cases of boys who have studied medicine or law but have turned to real estate as a more lucrative practice.

Now it's not my place or intention to tell another man there's anything wrong with making lots of money. This is, as they say, a free country. But all the same the whole business is very disheartening. And speaking for myself, I find that as a writer I'm in a peculiar position.

I have, in my time, written a couple of novels critical of Canadian Jews, and in return I've sometimes been accused of being an anti-Semite myself. Not in my wildest flights of anger, however, would I have invented a situation wherein the richest Jew in town dedicated a house to God by cementing money into a cornerstone. But even more perplexing, I know that the feeling of most Jews on matters such as these, when approached individually, is one of acute embarrassment. They say, "Yes, it's shameful. Sad and shameful. But you mustn't tell the *Goyim*. For them it's ammunition."

The obvious conclusion is that while Jewish political leaders loudly protest our Canadianism, even as they say how much at home we feel here, the Jewish community knows better and still lives apart and in fear. There's still your Canada and mine. This presents enormous problems to a Jewish writer. A Gentile, in my position, can ridicule the pretensions of the middle class and their clergy with a degree of impunity. He

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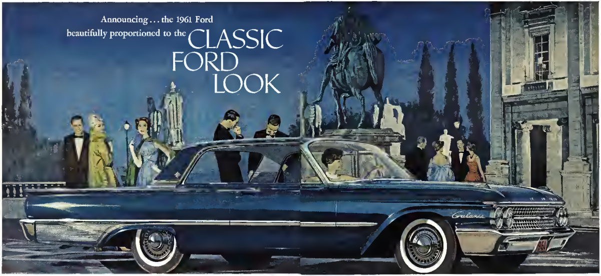
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has, it's true, to face the tests of accuracy and artistic worth but never will he be called an anti-Gentile. My people, unfortunately, are still so insecure here that they want their artists to serve as publicists, not artists.

This is not to say that anti-semitism is no problem here. It's tangible, you know, and not the fancy of a neurotic minority. But the danger doesn't come from the swastika painters; that's lunatic-fringe stuff and incidentally offers a platform for hypocritical politicians, Jew and Gentile, to make grandiose statements about how deplorable anti-semitism is. Don't believe it for a minute. For these days, as Dan Jacobson noted in another context in Encounter, every rascal is a liberal. No politician, left, right, or centre, stands up who isn't bang-on for racial brotherhood. But we know, as E. E. Cummings wrote, that *a politician is an arse upon which everyone has sat except a man*. We also know more concretely that the politician whose heart bleeds for the Jews at a B'nai B'rith banquet is often en route for a [illegible] at a restricted resort in the mountains or, like Eisenhower, perhaps he golfs on a course that prohibits Negroes. Similarly, though the B'nai B'rith official who has introduced the politician so warmly would probably disinherit his daughter if she married a Gentile.

Anti-semitism, as it exists today in Canada, is a more refined process than it was before the war. If there are no more Jew-baiting signs on the highways or even quotas at the universities, there are still hotels, country clubs and entire suburban areas where Jews are not wanted, if no longer officially excluded. It comes down to this. Though nobody is literally threatening my skin these days, I am, as a Jew, daily exposed to the possibility of small insults. This even though my people have contributed beyond their numbers to the arts, sciences, and commerce in this country. As things stand I don't play golf. It bores me, but if I decided to take up the game I would like to feel that I could join the club of my choosing or that if I were to be turned down it would only be because I personally am a boor. Unfortunately this isn't the case. Therefore I am certainly not grateful, as some Jewish politicians say they are, to be a Jew in this country. True, I've never been sent to a concentration camp. But no Gentile is expected to give thanks to the government that doesn't intern him. So why should it be expected of me?

However, if anti-semitism is unpardonable, the Jews, sad to say, have prejudices of their own that are equally distasteful. So I am not impressed with the anti-defamation league. (For Jews to fight anti-semitism, as I suggested earlier, is a question of self-interest.) What I long to see is the same rabbis who invoke the six million murdered in Europe also remind their congregations of those other innocents who perished in the Hiroshima of our own making. I would also like to hear them say a sad word for those Germans whose cities were criminally battered beyond strategic need. I will be further heartened when I see rabbis protest against the treatment of the Negroes in South Africa as indeed some Protestant bishops have already done.

It is time to abandon the old humiliating ghetto standard: "Is it good for the Jews?" For to accept that as a yardstick is to finally succumb to anti-semitism. It is to agree that we are a narrow and second-rate people, and we certainly are not. We are Jews, yes, but we are first of all and more simply people affected by whatever touches people anywhere. ★

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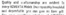
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The prisoner of Bordeaux continued from page 17

The social worker accused Sauvé of saying: 'I don't know why I didn't knock you off'

lease, on the evening of January 25, Robert visited the Benoit apartment and complained, as he had on earlier occasions, about his missing valise. Paulin Benoit suggested he telephone Joseph Daoust, a social worker with the *Société d'Adoption et de Protection de l'Enfance*. Daoust had been close to Sauvé's case in earlier years, finding him the positions on farms and acting as a sort of liaison between Robert's employers and the agency. Sauvé called Daoust at home. Daoust told him to call the provincial police, if he thought his valise had been stolen, Robert argued.

The precise relationship between young Sauvé and the social worker is difficult to establish. There is no formal record available. Daoust flatly refuses to talk about it. So does Canon Paul Constant, who was head of the agency in 1957, and Abbé Pierre Hurteau, who is head of it now. In Abbé Hurteau's words, "the society cannot use its confidential material even to defend itself." In their conversation of January 25, according to Daoust, Robert accused him of having treated him wrongly all through their relationship. Robert, frustrated by his inability to get satisfaction on the valise matter, said he would "like to meet Daoust in an alley some time."

Two weeks later, on the seventh of February, Sauvé telephoned Daoust again. Again he asked for help in getting his valise back. Again Daoust said it wasn't his responsibility. Sauvé mentioned that he had lost his job at the hospital. He said he didn't want to go to Daoust's office. He also said, according to Daoust, "In any case you won't live long enough to hear me talked about." Two similar telephone conversations took place in the ensuing week.

Daoust did not hear further from the boy for two weeks. On the twenty-seventh Robert appeared at his home. This is how Daoust has described that visit: "He refused to take off his coat and kept his hat on . . . he refused to sit down and had a threatening attitude but without clearly making any threats . . . with the exception of one time when it was a question of coming to the office to see the director. He answered: 'Oh him! If there is anyone out to kill me and do me harm it is him. He won't for long.' . . . He reproached me for not coming to see him in prison. His mien was not reassuring . . . He left without saying *bonsoir*."

On March 7 Robert telephoned again. He asked Daoust, said for a job. (Sauvé denies this.) Then, according to Daoust, the boy said: "Do you know that I have always dreamed of taking someone with me when I die? I don't know why I didn't knock you off when I was at your place because I regretted it as soon as I left."

Shortly before that telephone call Robert had got both a new job and his old valise. The job was at a drugstore in Outremont as a delivery boy. The valise was obtained through the provincial police.

On Monday, March 11, two sergeants of detectives of the Quebec Provincial Police arrested Sauvé at the drugstore. On Tuesday, March 12, he was charged with threatening Daoust and Canon Constant. On the same day he pleaded not guilty in summary conviction court and his trial was postponed for eight days. The crown attorney suggested a mental examination. A letter from the sheriff's

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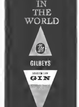

office to Dr. J. A. Huard of Bordeaux asked that he examine Sauvé. On March 15, the boy was transferred from the prison to the mental wing.

It is the common practice of psychiatrists, when making such an examination, to seek as much background on the patient as they can. Usually, this information comes from a member of the family. Sauvé had no family. Huard called the *Société d'Adoption et de Protection de l'Enfance*. He spoke to Joseph Daoust. It was agreed that Daoust would prepare a case history of Robert Sauvé.

This seven-page document gives, with names and dates, a tidy record of Sauvé's early life and leads up to a detailed account of Sauvé's five telephone calls and one visit—the substance of the grounds for the intimidation charges.

The version of the calls and visit used in this report is taken from Daoust's case history. It has been called the accuser's version. Technically it may not be that, as Daoust categorically denies having laid the charge. (There is some doubt as to who called the police. Gaston Content also denies it.) But it is certainly the version of one of the "victims."

At the time of Sauvé's second arrest, Jacques Hébert, a writer whose easy personal manner disguises a crusader's zeal, was editor and publisher of a newspaper called *Vrai*, a weekly tabloid with a flamboyant style and a passion for defending underdogs. Hébert had met Sauvé when the boy was first in Bordeaux awaiting trial on the shooting charge. He read of the second arrest and renewed his interest.

The file was "borrowed"

That interest was evident in *Vrai* for more than a year. Hébert trumpeted regularly for the boy's freedom. In 1958 he got an important assist. Sauvé's complete file was "borrowed" overnight from Huard's office—without Hébert's connivance—and Hébert came into possession of photostatic copies of every document in it.

Included in the file was Daoust's case history, a chronological account of virtually everything Sauvé had done. Hébert didn't believe it. Over the next few months Hébert spent his weekends in the country, tracking down the farmers with whom Sauvé had lived and neighbors who remembered the boy. The deeper he dug, the more he became convinced that the case history was suspect. From Hébert's interviews emerged the picture of a gentle, retiring youth, often smiling, often wrapped in daydreams, a willing if somewhat slow worker whose deepest pleasure was in hunting, who found it difficult to reach out and make friends. One man recalled how Robert, taunted by a neighbor's children, had sought and discovered his own anonymous origins. Heartbroken, he had hidden for days behind a mask of laughter.

This impression Hébert compared with a paragraph from Daoust's report entitled "aspects of the personal history":

"Robert Sauvé has never been able to adapt himself to any family and seemed continually to live on the edge of reality. . . . He never made friends his own age. . . . His aggressiveness sometimes led him to be cruel to animals [no farmer and no neighbor could recall any such incident for Hébert]. . . . He suspected his companions of being out to get him and equipped himself with a knife of the dagger type, saying it was to protect himself. . . . His behavior suddenly became strange without apparent reason. . . . He is sulky, spiteful, irritable. . . . The very act of advising him was sometimes enough to put him off his work, even his food. . . . He imagined that everyone laughed at him. . . ." There is more. It is all in the same tone.

One statement in Daoust's document plays a vital role in the eventual outcome of the case. "At the time of his last arrest, in March 1957," Daoust wrote, "Robert was found in possession of a dagger-like knife, according to the declarations of the police." In fact, the police found Robert's knife in his boarding house, locked in his valise. Daoust's choice of words is important to note. He calls the knife "*un couteau-poignard*," which is the precise equivalent of its English translation, "a knife-dagger," in that it is awkward, redundant and almost never heard.

That is the background. On March 15 Robert was given a "preliminary examination" by Dr. Marius Denis. Aside from the briefest of physical descriptions ("normal build") it consists of sixteen words that translate as: "Lucid, oriented, calm, but morals doubtful. A bit strange. Bravado. Smiles without great motive."

On March 18, Huard himself examined Sauvé. His notes—a sort of clinical shorthand—take twenty typewritten lines. They speak of Sauvé's term at the Federal Training Centre and of the two jobs he'd had since his release. "It is felt now that he threatened [Daoust] to force him to find him a better job." The rest of Huard's notes deal with Pauline Benoit and with the fact that Sauvé didn't ask the police why they were arresting him.

It was after this examination that Huard asked for background material—from Daoust. On March 25 Daoust's case history was sent to the hospital.

On April 2 Huard examined the boy again. This time, the notes occupy nineteen typewritten lines. They are in the same vein as the report of the March 18 interview. Two days later Huard filled out a form that served to commit Sauvé to the mental wing of Bordeaux.

Meanwhile Sauvé's trial, begun on March 19, had been brought up and postponed again on March 26, April 2 and April 9. On April 16 Judge Irénée Lagarde of the summary conviction court ruled that the court had no further jurisdiction. The grounds for Judge Lagarde's ruling, as he has since explained it, were that the Criminal Code of Canada forbids a judge or magistrate from postponing a trial in the absence of the accused—and therefore without his consent—unless the court issues a bench warrant. This had been done three times in Sauvé's absence. The effect of Judge Lagarde's ruling, in his own words, was to signify that there was no charge outstanding against the accused.

The form Huard filled out was in accordance with the province's Act Respecting Lunatic Asylums. Only one doctor—it is usually the superintendent of the institution—needs to testify. Most of the information Huard wrote in the space labeled "actual illness" is a curt résumé of events from 1955 on. Two weeks after his liberation, says the form, he threatened those who had helped him. Perhaps the most significant sentence in this form is the last one. "At the time of his arrest in March 1957," Huard wrote, "Robert Sauvé was found in possession of *un couteau-poignard* according to the declarations of the police." Except for one word, "last," that is precisely the way the sentence appears in Daoust's report, even to the awkward and unusual term "knife-dagger."

On April 9 the deputy minister of health, signing for the minister, issued an ordinance directing that Sauvé be kept

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in hospital so he may be treated as a confined patient."

There is no record of further examination of or treatment for Robert Sauvé until September of the same year — five months after he was committed. Other than routine blood and urine test reports. In fact there is no document at all dated earlier than September 23. That is the date of a letter from Abbé Rodolphe Paquin, a priest who had known Sauvé since visiting him at the Federal Training Centre and had read about his recent arrest in Hébert's paper. Abbé Paquin's letter talks of the "strange circumstances" that led to the arrest of the boy. Almost immediately after that letter was received and before it was acknowledged, Sauvé was interviewed by three psychiatrists, including Huard. Again the boy's past was brought up. Again the matter of the knife was raised briefly. Then the conversation seems to have been steered to the subject of Abbé Paquin. The boy said he had known him for two years, that the Abbé had visited him during his trial and that he had had a formal attitude toward him. There is no record of further examination or treatment until May 8, 1958, when Huard interviewed the boy again and noted that he was working in Wing A helping other patients, that he had now been in Bordeaux fourteen months and that he had affirmed once more that he had not threatened Joseph Ouimet.

The next document is a "patient's history" dated September 1, 1958, nearly four months later. It says Robert has chestnut hair, that he is twenty-one, that he has a scar at the back of his scalp and no infirmities, that he answers questions willingly, that he is neither loquacious nor incoherent, that he had neither made an attempt at murder, that he has no tendency to suicide but does have violence and that his most urgent need is a bath.

But no document is more revealing or better sums up the tragedy of Robert Sauvé than the five-line report of a mental examination conducted by Dr. [illegible] Panaccio and dated September 26, 1958. Panaccio's notes describe the patient as lucid, well oriented with "no intellectual weakness." Again, it is pointed out that Sauvé spent two years in the Federal Training Centre. Then, say the notes: "Prognosis bad, *if it is judged by the case history.*"

That was the last document in the file at the time Hébert obtained photostats of it.

It was enough. The weekly *Vrai*, on the pages of which Hébert had crusaded for Sauvé's freedom almost continuously since his second arrest, collapsed from lack of funds in 1958. But now with the file of photostats and his interviews with Sauvé and people who had known him, Hébert was more than ever convinced the boy should be free. Hébert wrote a book called *Scandale à Bordeaux* in the fall of 1959. Georges-Émile Lapalme, now Quebec attorney general but at that time an opposition MLA, made a speech about the case in the legislature. His questions were summarily dismissed by the government.

Ed Sommer, a Montrealer who has fought so hard for twenty-five years trying to establish his claim to a family estate that he has become learned in the law himself, telephoned Hébert last winter to suggest that an application for a writ of *habeas corpus* might be used to free Sauvé. Hébert went to work. He recruited a committee of nine lawyers carefully drawn from the ranks of Liberal, Conservative and CCF supporters to avoid any suggestion of party politics and including such well-known figures as McGill professor Frank Scott, civil lawyer Benno Cohen and Pierre Elliott Trudeau, an editor of *Cité Libre*. Hébert and Sommer sat in. For nearly six months, they threshed out the difficult points of law. On July 6, accompanied by an affidavit signed by Sauvé, a petition for the writ was served. It was set for hearing on August 4. That day the hearing was postponed for a week. On August 11 Sauvé was released from Bordeaux. Since then he has been living with Abbé Paquin. One of his first acts as a free man was to write a letter of thanks to each of the committee members. The chore took him most of a day. He has found a job in the kitchen of a Montreal hospital. Next summer he hopes to work in the Quebec bush.

While the lawyers—and perhaps other men—work for the freedom of the unjustly imprisoned there is evidence now of improved conditions for those who must remain inside.

One reason for the improvements has been the appointment, in 1958, of Lt. Col. C. E. Germany as governor. Germany left his army post to take the job, and he has done much for sanitary conditions. Prisoners now get a clean sheet a week, and toothbrushes are distributed regularly. Many of these improvements have carried over into the mental wing. Another reason, though the authorities deny it, has been Hébert's book. It is no longer possible, I have been told, to bribe a guard to put a fellow patient into a straitjacket. With the change in government, there will undoubtedly be more changes. The political strings attached to guards' jobs are being cut, though there has been no talk of raising their pay.

Nor has there been talk of changing the statutes that made the Sauvé case possible. Perhaps the greatest legal problem involved is one pointed out a few years ago by the Royal Commission on Insanity as a Defence in Criminal Cases. There are some provinces where the provincial mental health act legislates at cross-purposes with the federal Criminal Code.

Under the Code, there is no way an arrested man's freedom can be taken away from him on grounds of insanity unless the *court* hears authoritative evidence that he is insane. In Quebec the signature of only one "duly qualified medical practitioner" can have a man who has been arrested committed indefinitely. Persons who have not been arrested or charged with a crime cannot be committed to a mental institution without the signature of *two* doctors, who have examined the patient separately.

But the real travesty in the Sauvé case lay not so much in the absence of safeguards as in the abuse of those that exist. Dr. Arthur Huard told me over his desk in Bordeaux: "Sometimes we have to find a technical charge to lay if someone is dangerous — just to get him in here, just to protect him from himself."

How many others are being "protected from themselves" — unjustly? In spite of all the testimony that can be gathered from the outside there is no way to answer that question precisely until every case in Bordeaux's mental wing is reviewed. That is exactly what Quebec's new government would like to and probably will do. There has already been an announcement of a projected probe of Bordeaux's mental cases by the Quebec department of health. But as Attorney General Lapalme said this fall: "That is not the only scandal we have to attack. It will take a long time." ★

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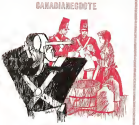

Catherine Lundy's waterbucket brigade at the Battle of Lundy's Lane

History records the War of 1812 as a series of futile and senseless battles between America and Britain, starting as a dispute over maritime rights and culminating in an appalling loss of life and destruction of property. The costliest of these encounters was the Battle of Lundy's Lane, waged in the heat of a summer's night on the Niagara frontier over the graves and tombstones of the peaceloving pioneers who settled the area.

Accounts of the battle vary, both sides having claimed victory. However, it is a fact that General Jacob Brown's American forces retreated to Fort Erie, leaving Sir Gordon Drummond's British troops in possession of the dearly bought field. Historians do not agree on the reason for Brown's retreat. And few tell of the farmer's wife who played such an important role in the drama that unfolded that night.

Late in the afternoon of July 25, 1814, British reinforcements under General Drummond and part of General Phineas Riall's force — which had battled the Americans unsuccessfully three weeks earlier at Chippawa — moved up Lundy's Lane toward the rise of ground where, at six o'clock, they would meet the Americans.

These columns moved past the Lundy homestead where some of the women and children of the district had sought shelter. The mistress of this household was a woman in her twenties, Catherine Lundy, wife of Thomas Lundy and daughter of Lieutenant Daniel Shannon of the British Army.

The troops had made the long forced march from Niagara in the July heat and Catherine realized their need for water. Organizing the women in her home to help in the task, she supplied milk and water to more than a thousand men.

The battle began about a mile to the east of the Lundy house. Under the trees of the country lane, in fields over the graves of the pioneers, the desperate contest went on while the summer evening became night.

At the Lundy homestead Catherine had set up an emergency hospital for the British casualties. While the conflict raged outside, sometimes so close that stray cannon balls pierced the walls of the summer kitchen, she worked and directed those with her, caring for the wounded. All the while she feared for the safety of her four brothers in the battle and for her children clinging to her skirt.

At midnight the American forces withdrew from the field to Chippawa and then retreated to Fort Erie. They had suffered 853 casualties including 171 men killed. The British casualties were 878 including 84 dead.

The American historian Rossiter Johnson states that "the principal reason why the Americans abandoned the field was the want of water." Other accounts fail to mention this important commodity, the women who supplied it to the British soldiers or her courageous work that night. But the part she played must have been of considerable value, for General Drummond returned to Lundy's Lane and presented his sword to Catherine Lundy for her service to the Crown. —JANET CURLETON

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Mailbag

Continued from page 4

✔ Jasper goes to Jasper
✔ Facts on delinquency

Your Preview (Can ambulances survive without financial first aid? Sept. 24) was very welcome. I am one of four I know of in Saskatchewan who have gone broke in the ambulance business. I spent eight years building a business which collapsed overnight because I couldn't hire good employees owing to too small a subsidy and a big percentage of bad uncollectable accounts. Frances Baldwin certainly had accurate information for her article and it was very much appreciated by those of us who have lost so much in trying to be of service. — FRED J. ROCHON, MOOSE JAW, SASK.

A bear visits his namesake

Following the recent note in Preview (March 26) that James Simpkins, Jasper's creator, had never been to our town, the local Chamber of Commerce invited him, with his wife and young son Scott, to come as a guest for ten days. While Simpkins was here, photographer Jim Teal posed him with one of our Jaspers, which was made of aluminum frame, sacking, mill undercoating and a few other materials by Larry Cates, a young service station operator. Here's the result. — HARRY ROWED, JASPER, ALTA.

Ups and downs for bad kids

I have just finished reading Juvenile Delinquency: who says it's worse than ever? (Background, Sept. 10). I am very glad to know that at least some grownups are broadminded enough to realize that juvenile delinquency exists in every day and age and that the teenagers of today are not any worse than they were in grandma's day. The village tough of grandma's time was no better than the black-leather-jacket delinquent of our time. Facing this fact is the first important step to getting rid of crime among our teenagers and making them responsible law-abiding citizens. — ELIZABETH BRADBROOK, age 14, [illegible]

✔ I have never before read such utter nonsense. Truly the educated need re-educating. How can a supposed-to-be professor possess so little knowledge on the subject? We see juvenile delinquency with our own eyes whether it be in the country towns, in the cities, on the streets and in the homes. It is getting worse and worse. Besides the above evidence we have the best authority, the Bible, in which we are told that the wickedness of the people is to be worse and worse. You have wasted space. — JOHN CIZEN, PRELATE, SASK.

No divorce laws for the "immoral"?

Re: My fair parent as a divorce detective by Catherine Jones (Sept. 10). Does the writer suggest that divorce laws should be relaxed merely to accommodate frivolous, glib, flippant, superficial persons like herself and her naturally immoral friends? It would be much better for them to acquire at least some of the vestiges of moral and responsible behavior and I believe that suffering caused by the inconvenience of the present law might be at least some source of correction of their very obviously casual and immoral attitudes toward the important things of life. — T. W. B. JOHNSON, DRAYTON VALLEY, ALTA.

Joyce: glamorized and unmaligned

What a pity you have to glamorize Joyce Davidson (discovered by Marika Robert, Sept. 10). — A. C. FARMER, VANCOUVER

✔ Canadian magazine writers seem determined to prove wrong those of us who consider her something less than gifted, misunderstood and maligned. Personally I refuse to be brainwashed. — MRS. BELLE CLARK, VILLE DE PIERREFONDS, QUE. ★

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BOTTLED IN ITALY

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Overseas Report

Continued from page 12

amination of a basic and explosive question of interest far beyond the borders of France: can freedom of speech in 1960 be stretched to allow individuals to get away with deliberate incitement to mutiny and desertion? (The Canadian government in 1940 interned Camillien Houde, mayor of Montreal, for counseling French-Canadians not to register for national service; he remained in custody without trial until the end of the war was in sight. The end of the Algerian war is not in sight yet.)

It has been obvious for a long time that the Algerian rebels enjoy a growing support among intellectuals in Metropolitan France and that this support is going beyond the limits of official tolerance. Last April, for example, the police raided the offices of two well known intellectual weeklies, L'Express and France-Observateur. (L'Express, published by friends of ex-Premier Pierre Mendès-France, is moderately left wing; France Observateur generally follows the Communist line.)

Ministry of Defense officials charged that articles in the two weeklies amounted to an invitation to desertion by members of the armed forces. Both papers denied such a purpose was included in their editorial policies and clamored that freedom of the press was being abrogated. Police also seized two books, one called the Deserter and the other The Refusal, claiming that both lauded the point of view of youths who desert from the army or take refuge in foreign countries to avoid being drafted.

These incidents recalled and to some extent revived the fuss two and a half years ago over a book called The Question, by left-wing editor Henri Alleg, who said he had been tortured by French paratroopers in Algeria. The Alleg book, published in London and New York, startled many westerners. The ghastly spectre of twentieth century torture, proved or unproved, continues to stalk in the shadows behind the outbursts of public opposition to Algerian police methods.

The trial last June of Djamila Boupacha, a 22-year-old Moslem girl accused of placing a bomb (which did not go off) in an Algiers café, produced a grisly tale in which the accused became the accuser — she gave detailed and horrifying descriptions of the third degree methods used upon her and other members of her family. Simone de Beauvoir shook the respectable readers of Le Monde with a guest column recounting Djamila Boupacha's evidence. That issue of Le Monde was seized in Algiers but not in Metropolitan France.

Grandeur and screams

Later Françoise Sagan, the 24-year-old golden girl known for her bittersweet romantic novels, jumped into the fray with a guest editorial in L'Express. She also took up the Boupacha case and drew a bead on General de Gaulle, writing that she was convinced Mlle. Boupacha had been tortured. Mlle Sagan added: "I don't understand how an intelligent man who has a sense of grandeur and who has power has not yet done something about it. I can't imagine that the fanfares of grandeur could cover the screams of a young girl."

The pot came to the boil, though, with the words of a man almost unknown outside France, and not too well known inside France — Francis Jeanson, a former professor of philosophy, now the most wanted fugitive in Paris.

By his own admission Jeanson is a leader, perhaps *the* leader, of a movement that is actively engaged in undermining the French military action in Algeria. Yet with every Paris policeman, secret serviceman and stoolpigeon looking for him, Jeanson held a clandestine press conference in the heart of the city that was attended by one French free-lance journalist and fifteen foreign newspapermen. To them he boasted that three thousand men had already deserted from the French North African forces or successfully dodged the callup. It was his movement's aim to increase this number in the months ahead. Despite police raids the organization remained intact and was transferring abroad the astonishing sum of $500,000 a month for FLN use. Some informed Frenchmen think this must be an exaggerated figure, but the FLN is known to collect — if not extort — large sums from Algerians living and working in Metropolitan France.

The single French reporter at the audacious press conference was himself a fascinating character. His name is Georges Arnaud, and he is best known for his successful novel Le Salaire de la Peur (The Wages of Fear), which was also a successful movie. Arnaud has been both a chauffeur and goldminer. In 1941 he was charged with the murder of his father, his aunt and a servant, and acquitted. He emigrated then to South America, where his adventures formed the basis of his best-seller.

Jail for his silence

Arnaud attended the Jeanson press conference as a freelance journalist and afterwards sent his report of the event with devilish intent to the arch conservative daily Paris Presse. Unable to ignore one of the scoops of the year, Paris Presse published Arnaud's story under the headline: Warning — Poison. The police swooped on Arnaud immediately and ordered him to reveal the source of his report. Pleading that a journalist was protected by the unwritten code of the freedom of the press, Arnaud would tell the police nothing. He was thrown in jail and stayed there two months until his trial. Other writers, editors and intellectual leaders flocked to his defense. Pierre Lazareff, editor and publisher of France Soir, the acknowledged champion of freedom of the press in France, and Robert Lazurick, editor of L'Aurore, appeared to argue Arnaud's case. Jean Paul Sartre declaimed in evidence that Jeanson had confidence in Arnaud when he called him. "Arnaud cannot betray this confidence. If confidence does not exist one goes straight to national demoralization." Arnaud was found guilty, but got off with a two-year suspended sentence. He is appealing the verdict.

These were the events that preceded the petition of the 121.

As September passed it seemed increasingly unlikely that the authorities would risk the furor that would arise if men and women of the stature of Sartre and Mlle de Beauvoir were prosecuted, let alone jailed. Yet along with the twelve already charged and the milling but articulate thousands (including a sprinkling of the world's most spectacular phonies) who make the Left Bank the most stimulating intellectual forum in the world, they were bringing France to a crisis of conscience unique in recent history. That one word *liberté* still has a magic that fires the hearts of Frenchmen ★

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

Maclean's Canada, a collection of 50 articles chosen from the 1,188 issues of Maclean's that have appeared since 1910, will be published this month by McClelland and Stewart, who made this photograph to mark the event. From the neck up, these people are said to bear some resemblance to 45 of the writers whose work appears in the book. From the shoulders down, they are townspeople of Orillia, Ont., who agreed to gather on the steps of Stephen Leacock's home on Old Brewery Bay to impersonate a gathering of writers. The less said about the man who matched the heads and the bodies the better.

The writers whose faces appear here, although several of them have denied it, are: 1 Ray Gardner 2 Bruce Hutchison, 3 R. S. McLaughlin 4 Franklin Russell, 5 Ernest Buckler 6 Andrew Walter Roy 7 Robert Thomas Allen 8 Richmond P. Hobson Jr. 9 June Callwood 10 Thomas B. Costain 11 Gabrielle Roy 12 Edna Staebler 13 Frank Hamilton 14 Colin M. Russell 15 Phyllis Lee Peterson 16 David MacDonald 17 Mazo de la Roche 18 Robert Fontaine 19 George A. Brown 20 Eric Hutton 21 McKenzie Porter 22 Harold Horwood 23 Leslie F. Hannon, 24 Fred Bodsworth 25 Dollis Dickson 26 Roger Lemelin 27 Morley Callaghan 28 Hugh MacLennan 29 Duncan McLeod 30 Gordon Woodward 31 J. N. Harris 32 Trent Frayne 33 Farley Mowat 34 Jack Scott 35 Joseph Schull 36 Blair Fraser 37 W. O. Mitchell 38 Ralph Allen 39 Johann Stevens 40 Thomas H. Raddall 41 Marjorie Wilkins Campbell 42 James Bannerman 43 Ian Sclanders 44 Pierre Berton 45 Stephen Leacock.

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A mother of five in Kitchener, Ont., had a job offered to her so she advertised for a "Woman to baby-sit in my home. Phone after 5 o'clock." At suppertime she received a phone call from a woman who stated simply that she'd be up at 9 o'clock and hung up. At 9 p.m. she arrived in a taxi, thrust a baby bottle and diapers at the advertiser — who was too flabbergasted even to protest — and took off in the cab again saying she'd be back at 1 a.m.

* * *

Home-made banner erected beside a rugged unpaved suburban road on the fringes of Winnipeg: "Proceed with caution — mothers looking for kids lost in dust."

* * *

Vancouver police raided the premises of a fellow whose business card read: "Contact with the spirits can be achieved by attending our nightly séance at ..." But the cops weren't interfering with anyone's freedom of worship—the charge was bootlegging.

* * *

Overcrowding has forced Hill Park secondary school in Hamilton, Ont., to operate on the shift system, with a duplicate program for two sets of students. The other afternoon the fire bells sent youngsters pouring from the building in fast-moving but orderly rows, and then came the brief wait while the fire marshal checked the building. He was startled to come upon one girl calmly working at her books in the deserted cafeteria at a time by which, theoretically, the building could have been a mass of flames. "It's okay," she told him confidently. "I'm morning shift."

IT'S OK— I'VE BEEN IMMUNIZED!

* * *

All last summer an ardent angler in Deep River, Ont., kept telling his wife he wanted to send in a coupon from a certain breakfast cereal that would net him a fishing kit of 22 pieces for 50 cents. When finally his wife remembered one day while in the supermarket she couldn't find a package left that bore the offer. The manager was most helpful in the search but finally he shook his head sadly and said "I'm afraid that all we can let your husband have is a space watch."

* * *

A 2½-year-old who came to live with his grandparents on a farm near Rimbey, Alta., was fearful of the field mice he saw scuttling about the farm buildings and when in the farmhouse he was constantly imagining one was under the chair or in the dark hall. When grandmother told him emphatically not to worry because those mice couldn't come in the house he looked at her narrowly and asked "They got muddy feet?"

* * *

Almost every block boasts one resident who conscientiously keeps his premises raked, trimmed, pruned and picked up till the whole place sparkles. We've heard of one such hard worker in Powell River, B.C., whose pride of accomplishment was marred by the unsightly lane along the back of his property into which most of the rest of the neighborhood seemed to scatter its refuse. Finally he urged municipal authorities to clean up the lane and bill the residents responsible for the mess. The municipality did, and he received a bill for a dollar and a half for removal of a neat pile of sand he'd just bought to make cement for a sidewalk.

* * *

It's been a great year for collecting premiums at your favorite neighborhood gas station — everything from garden tools to beach balls and barbecues. But we encountered one frustrated customer at a Toronto service station who couldn't buy the required $3.50 worth of gas to get his gift, because his small car's tank wouldn't hold more than $2.50 worth.

* * *

The politest hitchhikers we've heard of in years were standing beside Highway 11 just south of Orillia, Ont., holding up a sign for southbound drivers to see: "Toronto, please." Most drivers ignored them of course, but those who looked in their rear-view mirrors saw that the rear of the sign said "Thanks anyway," lettered in reverse.

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